

Hymns
of
BLISS
GRACE

A decorative title page featuring three main sections of text. The first section, 'Hymns', is written in a flowing, cursive script at the top left. The second section, 'of', is a simple vertical line with a small cross at the top. The third section, 'BLISS', is in a bold, ornate, serif font below 'of'. A fourth section, 'GRACE', is in a similar bold, ornate, serif font at the bottom, with its letters joined together. To the right of the text is a vertical floral illustration of a stem with leaves and a single flower.

No. 1.

For the
**EVANGELIST, CHURCH, SUNDAY SCHOOL, AND
YOUNG PEOPLE'S SOCIETY.**

Compiled and Edited by
P. P. BILHORN,
F. G. FISCHER,
JOHN R. CLEMENTS,
W. STILLMAN MARTIN.

Bilhorn Bros
152 LAKE ST. **MUSIC PUBLISHERS**
AND FOLDING ORGAN MFG'S
CHICAGO, ILL.

Hymns of His Grace

COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY P. P. BILHORN

Edited By

P. P. Bilhorn, F. G. Fischer, J. R. Clements,
and W. Stillman Martin.

Following we give The Staff of Famous Authors who are
Represented in this book.

Allen, Geo. N.	Gordon, A. J.	Nicholson, James.
Adams, Sarah F.	Howard, S. B.	Nageli, H. G.
Bradbury, Wm. B.	Hewitt, E. E.	Ogdon, Ina Duley.
Brooks, H. L.	Howe, Julia Ward.	Ottman, Rev. Ford C.
Bowyer, Carrie Lee.	Harris, Thoro.	Perronet, E., Rev.
Breck, Mrs. Frank A.	Havergal, Frances R.	Palmer, H. R.
Burgess, Joseph W.	Hussey, Jennie E.	Perkins, T. E.
Blenkhorn, Ada.	Hoffman, Rev. Elisha A.	Prentiss, Mrs. E.
Borthwick, Jane.	Hall, Mrs. Elvina M.	Palmer, Ray.
Brooks, Eva.	Hankey, Catharine.	Rowley, Rev. F. H.
Beede, Lillian Barker.	Heath, George.	Rowe, James.
Bilhorn, P. P.	Handel, Geo. F.	Reed, Ida L.
Black, J. M.	Hopper, Edward.	Richards,
Bliss, P. P.	Hawks, Annie R.	Robinson, Robert.
Bonar, Catharine J., Mrs.	Holbrook, Jos. P.	Rimbault, E. F.
Blandly, E. W.	Holden, Oliver.	Reed, Andrew.
Crosby, Fanny J.	Husband, J. J.	Reading, J.
Coe, Rev. W. W.	Hartsough, Rev. L.	Robinson, C. M.
Clements, John R.	Junter, Wm.	Root, Geo. F.
Chafner, Lewis S.	Hohnston, Miss J. H.	Rankin, J. E.
Carruthers, Mollie.	Kinney, Edith H.	Stebbins, Geo. C.
Case, C. C.	Kirkpatrick, Wm. J.	Spear, Eugene A.
Cluff, S. O'Maley.	Kirkland, Flora.	Stites, E. P.
Codner, Mrs. Eliz.	Knapp, Mrs. Jos. F.	Sweeney, Jno. R.
Converse, Charles C.	Koschat, T.	Santee, L. D.
Carey, Henry.	Keith, George.	Smith, Howard E.
Cowper, Wm.	Lindgren, Frank E.	Stockton, Rev. J. H.
Degen, F.	Lathbury, Mary A.	Scriven, Joseph.
Danks, H. P.	Lowry, Robt.	Shepherd, Thomas.
Doane, W. H.	McGranahan, James.	Smith, S. F.
Dingman, P. H.	McDonald, Wm.	Shaw, Knoles.
Duffield, G.	Morris, Mrs. C. H.	Sullivan, Arthur.
Doddridge, P.	Martin, Mrs. C. D.	Towner, D. B.
Dykes, John B.	Martin, W. Stillman.	Thompson, W. L.
Dyer, Sidney.	Mac Gill, J. Wakefield.	Tomer, W. G.
Elliott, Charlotte.	Mac Gill, Ella.	Ufford, Rev. E.
Frishie, H. L.	Morgan, Tallie.	Van de Venter, J. W.
Fischer, William G.	Mason, Lowell.	Webster, Geo. O.
Fawcett, John.	Marsh, Simeon B.	Weeden, W. S.
Gray, James M.	Mote, Edward.	Wichern, Caroline.
Grape, John T.	Minor, George A.	White, Geo. L.
Gregg, Joseph.	Mackay, Wm. P.	Ward, J. W.
Gabriel, Chas. H.	Meineke, Charles.	Webb, G. J.
Gould, J. E.	Nathan, El.	Wyeth, John.
Gottschalk, L. M.	Newman, John H.	Watts, I.

NOTICE The new pieces in this collection, both words and music, are Copyrighted in the United States, Great Britain and provinces, under the provisions of the International Copyright Law, and must not be reprinted or published for any purpose, without the proper permission of the owners thereof. THE PUBLISHERS.

BILHORN
BROTHERS

PUBLISHERS
152-158 Lake St.

CHICAGO.
ILL.

Hymns of His Grace.

Amazing Grace!

JOHN NEWTON.

THOMAS HASTINGS.



1. A-maz-ing grace! how sweet the sound, That saved a wretch like me! I once was
2. 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear, And grace my fears relieved; How precious
3. Thro' man-y dangers, toils, and snares, I have al-read-y come; 'Tis grace hath



lost, but now am found, Was blind, but now I see, Was blind, but now I see.
did that grace ap-pear The hour I first be-lieved! The hour I first be-lieved!
brought me safe thus far, And grace will lead me home, And grace will lead me home.



Come, Holy Spirit.

1 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly dove,
With all Thy quick'ning powers;
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.

2 Dear Lord, and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate—
Our love, so faint, so cold to Thee
And Thine to us so great?

3 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly dove;
With all Thy quick'ring powers;
Come, shed abroad a Savior's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

4 Jesus, my life, Thyself apply,
Thy Holy Spirit breathe:
My vile affections crucify;
Conform me to Thy death.

Alas and Did My Savior.

1 Alas and did my Savior bleed,
And did my Sovereign die,
Would He devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?

2 Was it for crimes that I have done,
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ the mighty Maker, died,
For man the creature's sin.

4 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away,—
'Tis all that I can do.

Holy is the Lord.

FANNY J. CROSBY, 1869.

WM. B. BRADBURY, 1867.

1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly is the Lord! Sing, O ye peo - ple,
 2. Praise Him, praise Him! shout a-loud for joy, Watch-man of Zi - on,
 3. King e - ter-nal, bless - ed be His name! So may His chil - dren

glad - ly a - dore Him: Let the mount - ains trem - ble at His word;
 her - ald the sto - ry; Sin and death His king - dom shall de-stroy;
 glad - ly a - dore Him, When in heav'n we join the hap - py strain,

Let the hills be joy - ful be - fore Him; Might - y in wis - dom,
 All the earth shall sing of His glo - ry; Praise Him, ye an - gels,
 When we cast our bright crowns be - fore Him, There in His like - ness

bound-less in mer - cy, Great is Je - ho - vah, King o - ver all.
 ye who be-hold Him Robed in His splen - dor, match-less di - vine.
 joy - ful a-wak - ing, There we shall see Him, there we shall sing.

CHORUS.

Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly is the Lord, Let the hills be joy - ful be - fore Him.

Sweet Peace, the Gift of God's Love.

5

P. P. B.

P. P. BILHORN.

1. There comes to my heart one sweet strain, (sweet strain.) A
2. Thro' Christ on the cross peace was made, (was made,) My
3. When Je - sus as Lord I had crowned, (had crowned,) My
4. In Je - sus for peace I a - bide, (a - bide,) And

glad and a joy - ous re - train; (re - train;) I
debt by His death was all paid; (all paid;) No
heart with this peace did a - bound; (a - bound;) In
as I keep close to His side; (His side;) There's

sing it a - gain and a - gain, Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.
oth - er foun - da - tion is laid For peace, the gift of God's love.
Him the rich bless - ing I found, Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.
noth - ing but peace doth be - tide, Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.

CHORUS.

Peace, peace, sweet peace! Won - der - ful gift from a - bove! (a - bove!)

cres.

Oh, won - der-ful, won-der-ful peace! Sweet peace, the gift of God's love!

6 There Shall Be Showers of Blessing.

EL NATHAN.

JAMES MCGRANAHAN.



1. "There shall be show-ers of bless - ing:" This is the prom-ise of love;
2. "There shall be show-ers of bless - ing"— Pre-cious re - viv - ing a - gain;
3. "There shall be show-ers of bless - ing:" Send them up - on us, O Lord;
4. "There shall be show-ers of bless - ing:" Oh, that to - day they might fall,



There shall be sea-sons re-fresh - ing, Sent from the Sav - ior a - bove.
O - ver the hills and the val - leys, Sound of a - bund-ance of rain.
Grant to us now a re-fresh - ing, Come, and now hon - or Thy Word.
Now as to God we're con-fess - ing, Now as on Je - sus we call!



CHORUS.



Show - - ers of bless - ing, Show-ers of bless-ing we need;
Show - ers, show-ers



Mer - cy-drops round us are fall - ing, But for the show-ers we plead.



The Lord Needs You.

7

Mrs. C. H. M.

Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.

1. The Lord of the har-vest is call-ing to-day; A - rouse ye, a-
 2. So much to be done and the hours swift-ly fly The time for our
 3. While bright the sun shin-eth go work with a will, Till ev'n-ing de-

rouse ye, His word to o-beay; The fields are all bending with rich rip-ened
 reap-ing so soon will pass by; Your part of the la-bor no oth-er can
 clin - eth His gar-ner to fill; Shrink not from the toil-ing He'll rich-ly re-

CHORUS.

grain, For reap-ers He long has been call-ing in vain. Arouse ye, come

do, Some sheaves will be lost if not gath-ered by you.

pay, Sweet rest will be yours at the close of the day.

Arouse ye,

join us to-day; A - rouse ye, and toil while ye may; The har-vest is

A - rouse ye,

great and the la-b'ilers are few, The Lord of the harvest needs you. . . .

needs you.

Christ Is the Sunny Side.

INA DULEY OGDON.

P. P. BILHORN.

1. My soul se-cure, no fear I know, With songs of praise I home-ward go;
 2. No mat-ter what my grief or strife, No mat-ter what the storms of life,
 3. The heal-ing wa-ter cheers my way, The liv-ing man-na greets my day;
 4. Would you from sin and darkness flee? Would you from pain and death be free;

rit.

In light un-fail-ing I con-fide, In Christ the sun-ny side.
 His ten-der care is ne'er de-nied, In Christ the sun-ny side.
 My ev-'ry need in Him sup-plied, In Christ the sun-ny side.
 Then in His shel-t'ring love a-bide, In Christ the sun-ny side.

CHORUS.

Christ is the sun-ny side;
 Christ is the sun-ny,

Christ . . . is the sun-ny side; Safe-ly He hid-eth me,
 Christ is the sun-ny,

Gen-tly He guid-eth me, Christ is the sun-ny side of life.

Only a Sinner.

9

JAMES M. GRAY.

D. B. TOWNER.

1. Naught have I got-ten but what I re - ceived; Grace hath bestowed it since
 2. Once I was fool-ish, and sin ruled my heart, Caus - ing my foot-steps from
 3. Tears un - a - vail-ing, no mer - it had I; Mer - cy had saved me, or
 4. Suf - fer a sin - ner whose heart o - ver-flows, Lov - ing his Sav - ior, to

English copyright. By per.

I have be - lieved; Boast - ing ex - clud - ed, pride I a - base; I'm
 God to de - part; Je - sus hath found me, hap - py my case, I
 else I must die; Sin had a-larmed me, fear - ing God's face; But
 tell what he knows; Once more to tell it, would I em-brace— I'm

CHORUS.

on - ly a sin - ner saved by grace!
 now am a sin - ner saved by grace! On - ly a sin - ner saved by grace!
 now I'm a sin - ner saved by grace!
 on - ly a sin - ner saved by grace!

On - ly a sin - ner saved by grace! This is my sto - ry, to

God be the glo - ry,—I'm on - ly a sin - ner saved by grace!

Copyright, 1905, by Daniel B. Towner.

Could I Tell It.

INA DULEY OGDON.

P. P. BILHORN.

1. If I could tell of Je-sus as I know Him, My Redeemer who has
2. If I could on - ly tell you how He loves you. And if we could thro' the
3. If I could tell how sweet will be His welcome, In that home whose wondrous
4. But I can nev-er tell Him as I know Him; Human tongue can never

brightened all my way;
 lone - ly gar-den go,
 beauty ne'er was told;
 tell of love di-vine;

If I could tell how precious is His pres - ence,
 If I could tell His dying pain and par - don,
 And tell you how He waits and longs to save you,
 I on - ly can entreat you to ac-cept Him;

CHORUS.

I am sure that you would make Him yours to-day. Could I tell it, could I
 You would worship at His wounded feet I know.
 You would seek Him, and a-bide within His fold.
 Come and know the joy and peace for-ev - er mine. Could I tell it, yes, I would, Could I

tell it, How the sunshine of His presence lights my way, I would tell it,
 tell it as I should, I would tell you, yes, I would,

I would tell it, And I'm sure that you would make Him yours to-day.
 I would tell you if I could,

Lovingly, Tenderly.

11

GEO. O. WEBSTER.

FRANK E. LINDGREN

Slowly.

1. Lov-ing-ly, ten-der-ly tell the sweet sto-ry, Of the dear Sav-ior whose
 2. Lov-ing-ly, ten-der-ly tell the sweet sto-ry, Till ev-'ry lost one the
 3. Earn-est-ly, faith-ful-ly tell the sweet sto-ry, Dear ones a-round thee are
 4. Pray'r-ful-ly, pa-tient-ly tell the sweet sto-ry, Earn-est-ly seek-ing the

Words and Music Copyright, 1906, by P. P. Lithorn. International Copyright.

in - fin - ite love Brought Him to earth from the heav - en - ly glo - ry
 mes - sage has heard An - gels look down from the heav - en - ly glo - ry
 dy - ing in sin, Je - sus looks down from the heav - en - ly glo - ry,
 lost ones to win, Lead - ing them up to those man - sions of glo - ry,

rit.

CHORUS.

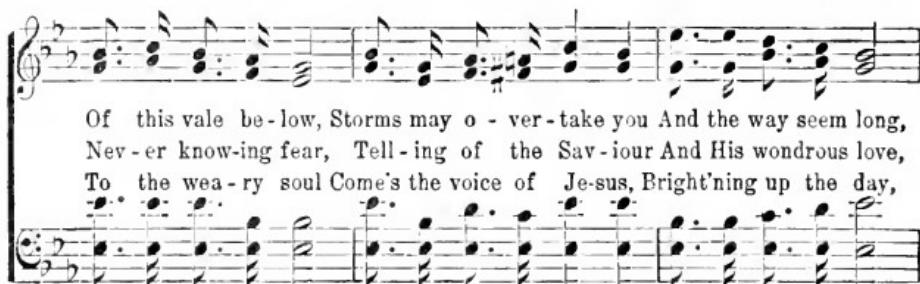
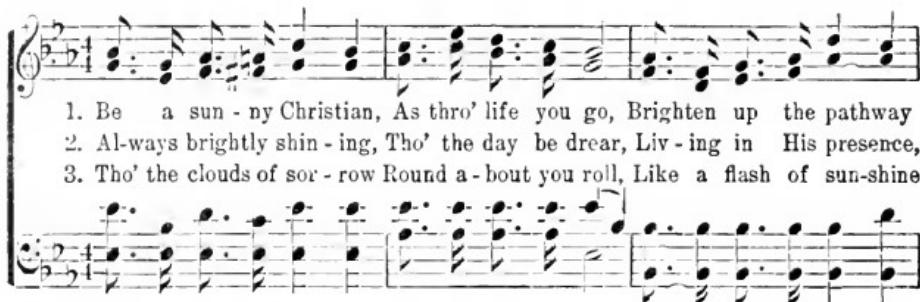
Seek-ing God's ten-der com-pas-sion to prove.
 They would re-joice to re-peat the glad word.
 Watch-ing thee gather the wan-der-ers in.
 Christ hath prepared for the ransomed from sin.
 Tell the sweet sto-ry a-
 Tell it a-

gain and a-gain, Let all who hear it the sto-ry re-peat, Lov-ing-ly,
 gain and a-gain, Let all the sto-ry re-peat.
 ten-der-ly swell the re-frain, Till all of the ran-som'd in glo-ry shall meet.

Always Carry Sunshine.

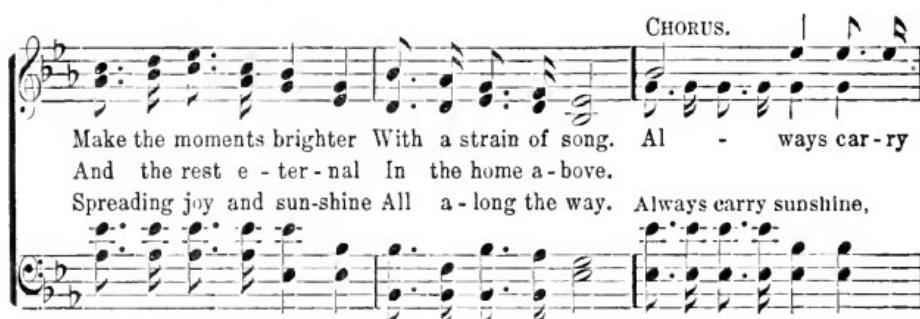
H. L. B.

H. L. BROOKS.



Words and Music Copyright, 1906, by P. P. Bilhorn. International Copyright.

CHORUS.



There is Always Time for Prayer.

13

EDITH H. KINNEY, by per.
Prayerfully.

GEO. O. WEBSTER.



1. Should the new dawn, breaking, a bur-den bring, That your soul deems hard to bear,
2. With a lift of heart let the day be - gin, And a mo - ment re-spite spare,
3. When your wea-ry feet fal - ter on the path, Tho' to pause you do not dare,
4. When the late light dies with the set-ting sun, Would you taste a balm for care?



Words and Music Copyright, 1906, by P. P. Bithorn.

rit.



Seek a boon of grace for a lit - tle space; There is al - ways time for pray'r.
Ere you press a - long with the toiling throng; There is al - ways time for pray'r.
Would you find the stress of the noon grow less? There is al - ways time for pray'r.
With a lift of heart let the day de - part; There is al - ways time for pray'r.



CHORUS.



There is al - ways time in the morn-ing's prime, And the gold-en noon-tide fair;



rit.



There is al - ways time 'neath the e-ven-chime, There is al - ways time for pray'r.



His Will for Me.

Mrs. C. D. MARTIN.

W. STILLMAN MARTIN.

1. Per - haps on the mountain my Sav - ior may need me, Per - haps He would
 2. Per - haps in the val - ley to - day He may need me, To wit - ness for
 3. Pre - pare me to live on the mountain with Je - sus, Pre - pare me to

have me right close to His side; 'Tis joy without measure to be in His
 Him 'midst the earth's bus-y throng; Per - haps I should car - ry the heav-en - ly
 serve in the val - ley be - low; Constrained by the love that made Je - sus my

CHORUS.

presence, And oh! 'twould be glo - ry just there to a - bide.
 mes - sage To those who are lost, in a word or a song. O glo - ry to
 Sav - ior, Where ev - er He leads me I glad - ly will go.

Words and Music, Copyright, 1907, by P. P. Bilhorn.

God! He is with me, I know, All the way, . . . all the way; . . . He's
 All the way, all the way;

marking each step of my journey be - low, He ten - der - ly leads me each day.

Walking With Jesus.

15

H. L. B.

HARRY L. BROOKS.

1. Walking in the bless-ed light of Je-sus' love, Walk-ing ev-'ry hour,
2. Sav-ior, keep me walking in the nar-row way, Walk-ing ev-'ry hour,
3. Walking by the riv - er on the gold-en shore, Walk-ing ev-'ry hour,

walk-ing ev - 'ry day; Walking in the strength He gives us from a-bove,
 walk-ing ev - 'ry day; Save me from the tempter's fie - ry darts and pow'r,
 walk-ing ev - 'ry day; Walk-ing in the Sav-ior's presence ev - er more,

REFRAIN.

Walk-ing with Je - sus a - lone. Walk - ing with
 Save me, O Je - sus, I pray. Walk-ing in the sun-shine,
 Walk-ing with Je - sus at home.

Je - sus, Walk-ing ev - 'ry day, walk-ing all the way,
 walk-ing in the shad-ow,

Walk - ing with Je - sus, Walking with Jesus a - lone.
 Walking in the sunshine, walking in the shadow,

16 There'll be Joy By and By.

CARRIE LEE BOWYER.
Not too fast.

P. P. BILHORN.

1. There'll be joy in the hap-py by and by, (by and by), We shall meet in that
 2. Not a fear, not a sor-row, not a sigh,(not a sigh), Shall we know in the
 3. Oft I sigh for the hap-py by and by, (by and by), And I know that the

cit - y you and I; (you and I); Just be-yond the gates of gold, In a
 hap-py by and by; (by and by); We will meet the friends we love, In the
 day is draw-ing nigh;(draw-ing nigh); When my Sav-iор's face I'll see, And His

home of wealth un-told, There'll be joy in the hap-py by and by. (by and by).
 bless-ed home a-bove, There'll be joy in the hap-py by and by. (by and by).
 smile will welcome me To the joy in the hap-py by and by. (by and by).

CHORUS. *Joyful.*

There'll be joy . . . by and by, There'll be peace that nothing can destroy.
 glad joy, by and by,

There'll be rest, . . . o - ver there, There'll be joy in the hap-py by and by.
 sweet rest by and by.

Words and Music Copyright, 1906, by P. P. Bilhorn. International Copyright.

Steadily Onward.

17

H. L. B.

HARRY L. BROOKS.

1. Are you marching with the ar - my of the Lord, Are you striv-ing for the
 2. Are you liv - ing ev - 'ry day the Christian life, Are you ful - ly armed and
 3. When the bat-tle's o'er and vic-to- ry is won, You will hear the Sav - ior

great re - ward, Do you ask in dai - ly pray'r, To be kept from ev - 'ry ready for the strife, Are you seeking good to do, Do you keep the cross in say well done Lay thine ar - mor down and rest In the man-sions of the

CHORUS.

snare, Are you trusting in the Savior's word, the Savior's word.
 view, Do you fol-low Je - sus day by day. day by day, March steadily
 blest, While the countless a - ges ev - er roll. ev-er roll. March steadily, march, march,

Words and Music Copyright, 1901, by P. P. Bilhorn.

on - ward in the ar - my of the Lord, Gird with truth and shield and sword,

March steadily, march, march,

March steady-i - ly, on-ward ev - er trusting in the Sav - ior's word.
 March steadily, march, march,

INA DUDLEY OGDON.

P. P. BILHORN.

1. I've cast my heavy burdens down on Ca-naan's happy shore,
2. With Is-rael's trusting children I'm rejoicing on my way, } I'm
3. My hung'ring soul is satisfied with man-na from above,
4. I'm singing "Hal-le-lu-jah," safely anchored is my soul,

living where the healing waters flow; } The cloudy, fier-y pil-lar is my
No more I thirst, the rock I've found, that
I'm resting on His promises; the

I'll wander in the wilderness of
The cloudy, fier-y pil-lar is my
No more I thirst, the rock I've found, that
I'm resting on His promises; the

doubt and sin no more;
guid-ing light to-day;
fount of end-less love;
blood has made me whole; } I'm living where the healing waters flow.
(waters flow.)

CHORUS.

Living on the shore, I'm living on the shore, I'm living where the healing waters flow;

Living on the shore, I'm living on the shore, I'm living where the healing waters flow.

(waters flow.)

He is Caring for Me.

19

FLORA KIRKLAND.

Duet.

W. S. WEEDEN.

1. There's nev - er a path-way so lone-ly, But Je - sus will
 2. No dark - ness e'er fall - eth a-round us, But Je - sus hath
 3. O take with re - joic - ing the prom-ise, "He car - eth, He

bright-en and cheer; For "Lo," He hath said, "I am with thee." No
 pow'r to dis - pel; He part - eth the clouds with His glo - ry, That
 car - eth for thee!" O leave all thy bur-dens with Je - sus, And

CHORUS.

cry that His love doth not hear.
 safe - ly in Him we may dwell. He is car-ing for
 sing, "He is car-ing for me!" He is

me, He is car-ing for me; I have not a
 car-ing for me. He is car-ing for me;

care that He doth not share, Since He is car-ing for me.
 is car-ing for me.

Mrs. FRANK A. BRECK.

P. P. BILHORN.



1. Tell thy life - sto - ry to Je - sus— All the temp-ta-tions to stray;
2. Tell thy life - sto - ry to Je - sus— Let it most ful - ly be told;
3. Tell thy life - sto - ry to Je - sus— How - ev - er sin - ful it be;
4. Tell thy life - sto - ry to Je - sus— Come with re - pent-ance and tears;



- Tell Him thy weak-ness and fail - ings, Ask Him to take them a - way.
 Love that could die to re - déem thee, Nev - er can mer - cy with-hold.
 He will for - get thy wrong-do - ing, Par - don He pur-chased for thee.
 He will blot out thy trans-gres-sions; Joy will He give for thy fears.



CHORUS.



- Tell it to Je - sus, Tell Him thy care,
 Tell thy life-sto - ry to Je - sus, Tell Him thy troub - les and care;



- Tell Him thy sor - rows, Tell Him in pray'r.
 Tell Him thy bur - dens and sor - rows, Tell it to Je - sus in pray'r,



Get Right With God.

21

H. L. F.

H. L. FRISBIE.

1. What-ev - er thou do - est, O man yet un - saved, By e - vil sur-
2. Why wait till the sum-mer and har - vest are o'er; The mo-ments are
3. The fount - ain is o - pen for cleansing from sin; Its wa-ters are
4. Get right and your life shall for - ev - er en - dure, His prom-ise is

Words and Music Copyright, 1906, by P. P. Bilhorn. International Copyright Secured.

round-ed, by sin still en - slaved; Re - mém - ber there's par-don, tho' pass - ing; He stands at the door; He calls you to - day, and may mov - ing, He bids you step in; And Je - sus will heal you; wait faith - ful, His mer - cy is sure; Sub - mit to Him now and His

lost and de-praved. O, get right, my broth-er, just now.
call you no more; O, get right, my broth-er, just now.
not, but be - gin; O, get right, my broth-er, just now.
fa - vor se - cure, O, get right, my broth-er, just now.

CHORUS.

Get right with God, Get right with God;
And do it now, Be - fore Him bow,

Get right with God, Get right with God;
And do it now, Be - fore Him bow,

Get right my broth - er and do it now.

Life in the Loom.

MARY A. LATHEBURY.

GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. Chil - dren of yes - ter-day, heirs of to - mor - row, What are you
 2. Chil - dren of yes - ter-day, heirs of to - mor - row, Light-en the
 3. Chil - dren of yes - ter-day, heirs of to - mor - row, Look at your

weav - ing? la - bor and sor - row? Look to your loom a - gain,
 la - bor and sweet-en the sor - row; Now while the shut - tles fly
 fa - bric of la - bor and sor - row; Seam - y and dark with de-

fast - er and fast - er, Fly the great shut-tles prepared by the Mas - ter.
 fast - er and fast - er, Up and be do - ing the work with the Mas - ter.
 spair and dis - as - ter, Turn it and lo, the de-sign of the Mas - ter!

REFRAIN.

There's life (There's life) in the loom! . . . Room . . . for it, room!
 He stands (He stands) at the loom! . . . Room . . . for Him, room!
 The Lord's (The Lord's) at the loom! . . . Room . . . for Him, room!

There's life (There's life) in the loom! Room (room) for it, room!
 He stands (He stands) at the loom! Room (room) for Him, room!
 The Lord's (The Lord's) at the loom! Room (room) for Him, room!

Prodigal Come To-day

23

Mrs. C. H. M.



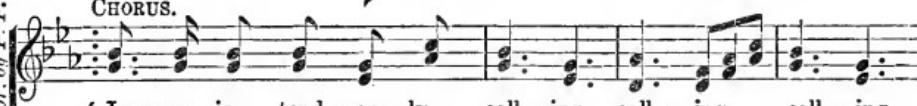
1. Un - to the feast that the King hath spread, Come, come, come,
2. Out of the dark-ness of sin's long night, Come, come, come,
3. Out of your pov - er - ty in - to wealth, Come, come, come,
4. Out of your rest-less-ness un - to peace, Come, come, come,
5. Feed-ing no lon - ger on husks of sin, Come, come, come,
6. Trav - el no lon - ger the down-ward road, Come, come, come,



Feed up - on hon - ey and liv - ing bread, Prod-i - gal come to - day
 In - to the mar - vel - ous gos - pel light, Prod-i - gal come to - day.
 Out of your sick-ness and in - to health, Prod-i - gal come to - day.
 Out of your bond-age to sweet re - lease, Prod-i - gal come to - day.
 Per - fect sal - va - tion your soul shall win, Prod-i - gal come to - day.
 Lead - ing a - way from yon blest a - bode, Prod-i - gal come to - day.



CHORUS.



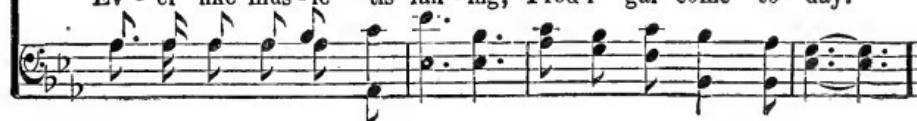
{ Je - sus is tend - er - ly call - ing, call - ing, call - ing,
 { Ev - er like mus - ic 'tis fall - ing, fall - ing, fall - ing,



Je - sus is tend - er - ly call - ing, Why will you still de - lay?



Ev - er like mus - ic 'tis fall - ing, Prod-i - gal come to - day.



A Message of Love.

P. P. B.

P. P. BILHORN.



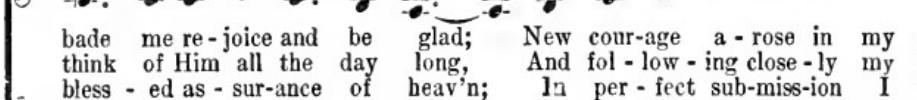
1. There came to my heart a sweet mes-sage of Love, When I was for-
2. How sweet was the mes-sage that came to my heart, And filled me with
3. And since I am His, and I know He is mine, How sweet is the



sak-en and sad; It came from a-bove like a heav-en - ly dove; It
sun-shine and song! My hope did a-bound when the Sav-i-or I found; I
peace He has giv'n! From morn-ing till night He's my joy and de-light, A



cres.



bade me re-joice and be glad; New cour-age a - rose in my
think of Him all the day long, And fol - low - ing close - ly my
bless - ed as - sur-ance of heav'n; In per - fect sub-miss-ion I



rit.

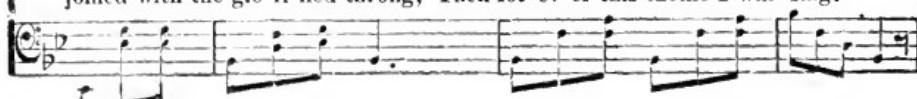
tempo.



soul when I heard Of One who de-liv'rance could bring; I bowed in con-
Shepherd and Guide, He leads me where cool waters spring; My soul is re-
fol - low a-long, For He is my Sav-i-or and King; And when I have



tri - tion to Je - sus, my Lord; Now the won-der-ful sto-ry I sing.
freshed as in Him I a-bide, And re - joic - ing, His prais-es I sing.
joined with the glo-ri-fied throng, Then for-ev-er this theme I will sing.



{ Sweet, sweet old sto-ry, oft has been told;
 { Won - der-ful sto- (Omit.) ry that never grows old.....

Since Jesus is Living in Me.

P. P. B.

P. P. BILHORN.

1. The clouds of doubt have flown a-way, Since Je-sus is liv-ing in me;
 2. I have a hope with-in the vail, Since Je-sus is liv-ing in me;
 3. I have a peace with-out al-loy, Since Je-sus is liv-ing in me;
 4. My cup of joy now o-ver-flows, Since Je-sus is liv-ing in me;

I sing His prais-es all the day, Since Je-sus is liv-ing in me.
 Temp-ta-tions shall no more pre-vail, Since Je-sus is liv-ing in me.
 To do His will my high-est joy, Since Je-sus is liv-ing in me.
 My ev -'ry need He ful - ly knows, Since Je-sus is liv-ing in me.

Since Je-sus is liv-ing in me, Since Je-sus is liv-ing in me;
 in me,

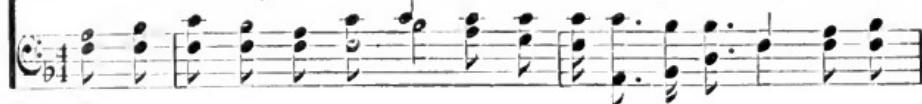
Now His prais-es swell as His love I tell, Since Je-sus is liv-ing in me.

J. W. B.
Slowly

JOSEPH W. BURGESS.



1. When the waves are roll-ing fast, And I face the threat'ning blast; And a
2. Sa - tan tries by ev - 'ry art And with many a fier - y dart, To a
3. I am wait - ing for a day When the storms have pass'd a-way, And the



dark, for - bid-ding cloud my bark en-folds. Tho' the bil - lows 'round me roll,
fright me from the Christ my faith be-holds; But I trust Him more and more,
ha - ven of sweet rest my eye be-holds; When my voy - age is com-plete,



cres.

Words and Music: Copyright, 1866, by P. P. Bilhorn.



There's a calm with - in my soul, Hal - le - lu - jah! praise the Lord, my
And I've proved Him o'er and o'er, Hal - le - lu - jah! praise the Lord, my
And I bow at Je - sus' feet, Praise the Lord for - ev - er - more, my



CHORUS.

rit.

p

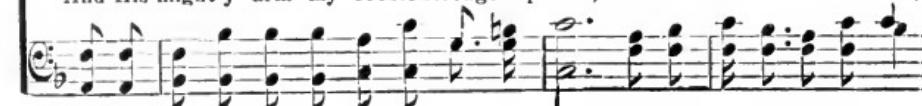
an-chor holds.

an-chor holds. I can face the tempest's shock, For I'm anchored to the Rock,
an-chor holds.

cres.



And His might - y arm my feeble strength upholds; Tho' the billows 'round me roll,



My Anchor Holds.

27

cres.

rit.

There's a calm with-in my soul, Hal - le - lu-jah, praise the Lord, my an-chor holds.

Draw Me Nearer.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.

1. I am Thine; O Lord, I have heard Thy voice, And it told Thy love to me;
2. Con - secrate me now to Thy serv-ice, Lord, By the pow'r of grace di - vine;
3. O the pure de-light of a sin - gle hour That be-fore Thy throne I spend,
4. There are depths of love that I cannot know Till I cross the nar - row sea,

But I long to rise in the arms of faith, And be closer drawn to Thee.
 Let my soul look up with a steadfast hope, And my will be lost in Thine.
 When I kneel in pray'r, and with Thee, my God, I commune as friend with friend.
 There are heights of joy that I may not reach, Till I rest in peace with Thee.

CHORUS.

Draw me near - er, nearer, blessed Lord To the cross where Thou hast died;
 Near - er, near - er,

Draw me near-er, near-er, near-er, blessed Lord, To Thy precious bleed-ing side.

Mrs. C. H. M.

Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.



1. So long in Egypt staying And in the wil-der-ness I heard my Sav-i-or
2. The grapes of Eschol growing In clusters large and fine, The milk and hon-ey
3. Wall'd cit-ies must be tak-en, Scme gi- ants must be slain Ere I with faith un-
4. If you would taste the sweetnes Of saving grace each hour, Would know the rich com-



say-ing, "The Ca-naan land pos-sess; New pas-tures to dis-cov-er, Led by His flow-ing, The corn and oil and wine, Are free-ly mine for-ev-er, I take them shak-en The heav'ly Ca-naan gain. But He who ne'er forsakes me En-a-bles

plete-ness Of full sal-va-tion's pow'r, Ac-cept the great pro-vis-ion By God Al-



guid-ing hand By faith I cross'd clean over And I'm liv-ing in Ca-naan land. from His hand And bless the gracious giver, While I'm liv-ing in Ca-naan land. me to stand And more than conq'rer makes me, While I'm living in Ca-naan land. mighty plann'd, And'mid the joys e-lys-ian, Just try liv-ing in Ca-naan land.



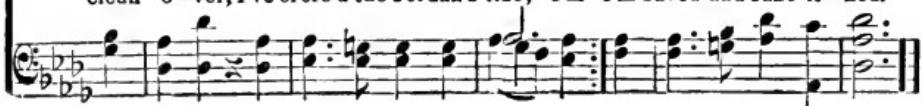
CHORUS.



I'm o-ver, clean o-ver In Ca-naan land to-day I stand; I'm o-ver



clean o-ver, I've cross'd the Jordan's tide; I'm I'm saved and sanc-ti-fied.



Into the Morning.

29

JOHN R. CLEMENTS.

P. P. BILHORN.



1. "Out of the mid-night in - to the morn-ing", Out of the old life
2. "Out of the mid-night in - to the morn-ing", Drawn by the Sav-iour
3. "Out of the mid-night in - to the mor ning", Out of the tem-pest



in - to the new; Out of deep bond-age in - to God's free-dom
up to the light; Touch'd with a fra-grance waft-ed from heav-en,
in - to the calm; Out of the dark-ness in - to the sun-light



CHORUS.



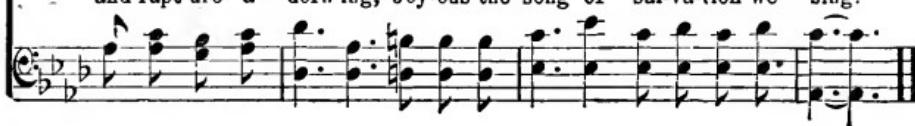
Out of the sin life in - to the true.
Lives that were e - vil turn to the right. "Out of the mid-night in - to the
Voic-es are chant-ing vic-to - ry's psalm.



morn-ing," Je-sus with mighty arm ev - er will bring; Love beams of free-dom



and rapt-ure a - dorn-ing, Joy-ous the song of sal-va-tion we sing.



Dedicated to the Pacific Garden Mission.

P. P. B.

John 3:12.

P. P. BILHORN.



1. For God so loved the world He gave His Son for man to die,
2. He came to earth our load to lift, At such tremendous cost,
3. "I now am lost a sin - ner cried Am poor, and wretched blind,
4. The blood of Christ so rich and free, For all man-kind is giv'n,



Un - to His own He came to save, But they cried cru - ci - fy.
 But they who spurn this pre - cious gift Shall be for - ev - er lost.
 His love, His grace I oft de - nied, And can I par - don find."
 Who - ev - er will not cleans-ed be, Shall nev - er en - ter heav'n.



CHORUS.



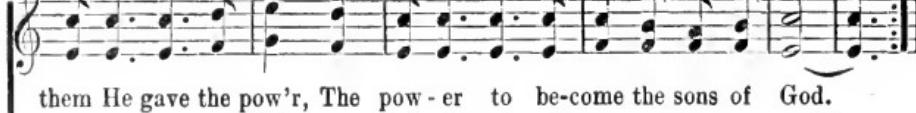
But as ma - ny as re-ceived Him To them He gave the pow'r, The pow - er



to be - come the sons of God! But as ma - ny as re-ceived Him To



them He gave the pow'r, The pow - er to be - come the sons of God.



When I Remember Calvary.

31

Mrs. C. D. MARTIN.

W. STILLMAN. MARTIN.

1. When my heart with sin was bur - dened, When no light shone on my way,
2. When my cross is hard to car - ry, And a - lone I seem to be,
3. When I feel per-haps my Fa - ther Does not hear me when I pray,
4. When the fear of com - ing judg-ment Casts a shad - ow on my way,

When I longed for peace and par - don, I re - mem - bered Cal - va - ry.
Strength and grace to me are giv - en When I think of Cal - va - ry.
In Geth - sem - a - ne's lone gar - den I re - mem - ber Cal - va - ry.
I re - mem - ber He was wound - ed, On the cross at Cal - va - ry.

CHORUS.

I re - mem - ber Cal - va - ry, where the Sav-iour died for me, Then how
quick - ly ev - 'ry bur - den rolls a - way, As I think of Je - sus' cross,

Earth ly treas - ures seem as dross, I re-mem-ber, I re-mem-ber Cal - va - ry.

Rev. F. H. ROWLEY.

PETER P. BILHORN.

1. I will sing the wondrous sto - ry, Of the Christ who died for me,
 2. I was lost, but Je-sus found me, Found the sheep that went astray.
 3. I was bruised but Je-sus healed me, Faint was I from many a fall,
 4. Days of dark-ness still come o'er me, Sorrow's paths I oft-en tread,
 5. He will keep me till the riv - er Rolls its wa-ters at my feet;

How He left His home in glo-ry, For the cross of Cal-va-ry.
 Threw His lov-ing arms a-round me, Drew me back in-to the way.
 Sight was gone, and fears possessed me, But He freed me from them all.
 But the Sav-iour still is with me, By His hand I'm safe-ly led.
 Then He'll bear me safe-ly o-ver, Where the loved ones I shall meet.

CHORUS.

Yes I'll sing..... the wondrous sto - - ry
 Yes, I'll sing the wondrous sto - ry

Of the Christ..... who died for me,.....
 of the Christ who died for me,

Sing it with..... the saints in glo - - - ry,
 Sing it with the saints in glo - ry.

I Will Sing the Wondrous Story.

33

Gath - ered by the crys - tal sea.
Gath - ered by the crys - tal sea, the crys - tal sea.

He Leadeth Me.

J. H. GILMORE.

WM. B. BRADEURY.

1. He lead-eth me; O bless-ed tho't! O words with heav'ly comfort fraught!
2. Sometimes'mid scenes of deepest gloom, Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,
3. Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine, Nor ev - er mur - mur or re-pine—
4. And when my task on earth is done, When by Thy grace, the vict'ry's won,

What-e'er I do, wher-e'er I be, Still, 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.
By wa-ters still, o'er troub-led sea—Still, 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.
Con - tent, what-ev - er lot I see, Since'tis my God that leadeth me.
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee, Since God thro' Jor - dan leadeth me.

REFRAIN.

He lead - eth me, He lead - eth me; By His own hand He lead-eth me.

His faith-ful follower I would be, For by His hand He lead-eth me.

Come and Walk With Jesus.

H. L. FRISBIE.

P. P. BILHORN.

1. All they who walk with Je-sus No sad-ness ev-er know; In lone-ly
 2. All they who walk with Je-sus Should nev-er feel a fear; His lov-ing
 3. All they who walk with Je-sus, He ev-er will de-fend; A com-fort-

ways He cheers them, And com-forts as they go; The dark-est hours He
 voice as-sures them, To help He's ev-er near; His words all doubts dis-
 er is with them, And will be to the end; His yoke is nev-er

bright-ens; The sor-est bur-dens light-ens, And ev-'ry joy He height-ens
 pell-ing, And ev-'ry tu-mult quell-ing; To songs of prais-es swell-ing,
 gall-ing; O hear His ac-cents fall-ing; A lov-ing Friend is call-ing,

CHORUS.

Be-cause He loves them so. Come and walk, . . . O walk with Je-sus
 He lends a will-ing ear.

And Je-sus is that Friend.

Come and walk,

walk with Je-sus

He will make . . . your bur-dens light; . . . He will guide . . . your steps to
 He will make, your bur-dens light; He will guide

Come and Walk With Jesus.

35

Repeat the chorus softly after last verse.

heav - en, He will make . . . your path-way bright.
heav'n, your steps to heav'n, He will make your pathway bright.

Glory to Jesus.

J. WAKEFIELD MACGILL.

Har. by CAROLINE WICHERN
and ELLA MACGILL.

1. Je - sus has loved me,— won - der - ful Sav - ior! Je - sus has
2. Je - sus has saved me,— won - der - ful Sav - ior! Je - sus has
3. Je - sus will lead me,— won - der - ful Sav - ior! Je - sus will
4. Je - sus will crown me,— won - der - ful Sav - ior! Je - sus will

Cho.—*Glo-ry to Je - sus,— won - der - ful Sav - ior, Glo-ry to*

loved me, I can - not tell why; Came He to res - cue
saved me, I can - not tell how; All that I know is
lead me, I can - not tell where, But I will fol - low
crown me, I can - not tell when; White throne of splen - dor

Je - sus, the One I a - dore; Glo - ry to Je - sus—

D. C. for Chorus.

sin - ners all worth-less, My heart He conquer'd, for Him I would die.
He was my ran - som, Dy - ing on Cal - v'ry with thornson His brow.
thro' joy or sor - row, Sun-shine or tem-pest,sweet peace or de - spair.
I hail with glad-ness, Crown'd 'mid the plau-dits of an - gels and men.

won - der - ful Sav - ior! Glo - ry to Je - sus, and praise es - er - more.

Let Your Light Ever Shine.

GEO. L. WHITE.

EUGENE A. SPEAR.

1. Let your light ev - er shine, for the Mas - ter, Your good works may be
 2. For the dark-ness of sin doth sur - round us, And each land, cit - y
 3. E'en the good that we do is too of - ten Hid by sel - fish de -
 4. Then give glo - ry to God in the high-est. In His name ev - er

seen of all men; Not that they may praise you, but the rath - er
 vil - lage and home, Has its sor - row and shame un - til Je - sus
 sive and its blight; But the deedwrought where self is for - got - ten,
 strive for the right; Man - y bur - den'd and sad hearts you'll light - en,

REFRAIN.

Give the glo - ry to Fa - ther in heav'n.
 Brings the life light and glo - ry to come.
 God re - wards and in - crea - eth the light.
 And your-self will be blest in God's sight.

Send forth the light,

in heav'n.

Send forth the light,

For - ev - er bright, Send forth the light,

For - ev - er bright,

Send forth the light,

Let Your Light Ever Shine.

37

In sin's dark night,..... Shine strong and clear,..... In dark-ness
In sin's dark night, Shine strong and clear,

drear,..... Lost souls to save and cheer.....
In dark-ness drear, Lost souls to save, save and cheer.

How Firm a Foundation.

GEORGE KEITH.

J. READING.

1. How firm a foun-da-tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your faith in his
2. "Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dis-may'd, For I am thy God, I will
3. "When thro' the deep waters I call thee to go, The riv - ers of sor-row shall
4. "The soul that on Je - sus hath lean'd for re-pose, I will not, I will not de-

ex-cel-lent word! What more can He say than to you He hath said, To you who for still give thee aid; I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand, Upheld by my not o-ver-flow; For I will be with thee thy tri-als to bless, And sanc-ti-fy sert to his foes; That soul, tho' all hell should endeavor to shake, I'll never, no

ref-uge to Je-sus have fled, To you, who for ref-uge to Je-sus have fled. gra-cious, om-nip-o-tent hand, Up-held by my gra-cious, om-nip-o-tent hand. to thee thy deep-est dis-tress, And sanc-ti-fy to thee thy deep-est dis-tress. nev - er, no nev - er for - sake; I'll nev-er, no nev-er, no nev-er for-sake!"

O Tell Me More of Christ.

E. E. HEWITT.

P. P. BILHORN.

1. O tell me more of Christ, my Sav-i-or; On this glad theme
 2. O tell me more of love's sweet sto-ry, If you would cheer
 3. O tell me more! How waves of sor-row Shall hear His voice
 4. O tell me more! And I re-pea-ting The hap-py news,

dwell o'er and o'er; His boundless grace, His sav-ing fa-vor,
 and com-fort me; How Je-sus wept, the King of glo-ry,
 say, "Peave, be still;" How af-ter night, bright dawns the mor-row,
 shall spread the joy; Come, bless-ed Lord, Thy work com-plet-ing,

CHORUS. Cres.

His precious name, O tell me more!
 Those ten-der tears of sym-pa-thy.
 To those who trust His bless-ed will.
 Till songs of praise our lips em-ploy.

need His pow'r to keep, His hand to lead; O tell me more

Cres.

Rit.

of Him I love, Un-til I see His face a-bove(face a-bove).

Battle Hymn of the Republic.

39

JULIA WARD HOWE.

Old Campmeeting Air.

1. Mine eyes have seen the glo - ry of the com-ing of the Lord;
 2. I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hun-dred circling camps;
 3. He has sounded forth the trum-pet that shall nev-er call re-treat;
 4. In the beau-ty of the lil - ies Christ was born a - cross the sea,

He is tramp-ing out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored;
 They have build-ed Him an al - tar in the ev'ning dews and damps;
 He is sift - ing out the hearts of men be - fore His judgment seat,
 With a glo - ry in His bo - som that trans - fig - ures you and me;

He hath loosed the fate - ful lightning of His ter - ri - ble quick sword:
 I have read His righteous sen - tence by the dim and flar - ing lamps:
 Oh, be swift, my soul, to an - swer Him! be ju - bi - lant, my feet:
 As He died to make men ho - ly, let us die to make men free,

CHORUS.

His truth is march-ing on.
 His day is march-ing on.
 Our God is march-ing on.
 While God is march-ing on.

Glo-ry, glory hal-le - lu-jah! Glo-ry, glory,

hal-le-lu - jah! Glo-ry, glory, hal-le-lu-jah! His truth is marching on.

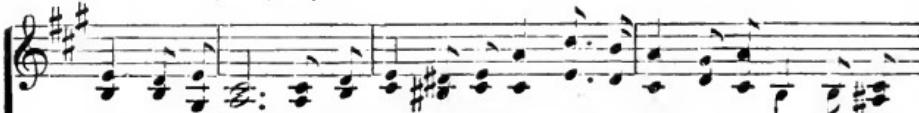
Will There Be Any Stars?

E. E. HEWITT.

JNO. R. SWENET. By per.



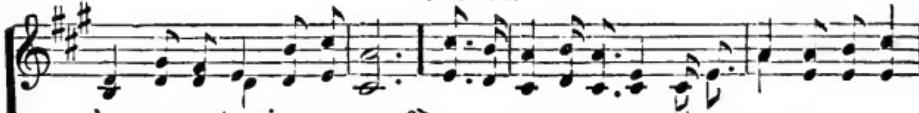
1. I am thinking to-day of that beau-ti-ful land I shall reach when the
2. In the strength of the Lord let me la-bor and pray, Let me watch as a
3. Oh, what joy it will be when His face I be-hold, Living gems at His



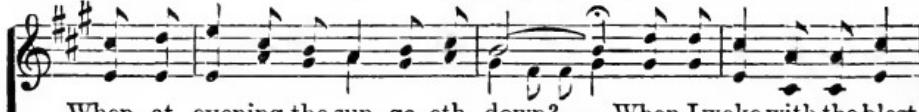
sun goeth down; When thro' wonderful grace by my Savior I stand, Will there
win-ner of souls, That bright stars may be mine in the glo-ri-ous day When His
feet to lay down; It would sweeten my bliss in the cit-y of gold, Should there



CHORUS.



be a-ny stars in my crown? }
praise like the sea-billows rolls. } Will there be a-ny stars, a-ny stars in my crown,
be a-ny stars in my crown. }



When at evening the sun go-eth down?... When I wake with the blest
goeth down?



In the mansions of rest, Will there be a-ny stars in my crown?....
a-ny stars in my crown?



No Night There.

41

JOHN R. CLEMENTS.

H. P. DANKS.



1. In the land of fade-less day Lies "the cit - y four-square,"
2. All the gates of pearl are made In "the cit - y four-square,"
3. And the gates shall nev - er close To "the cit - y four-square,"
4. There they need no sun-shine bright, In "that cit - y four-square,"



Copyright, 1899 by the Biglow & Main Co., New York City. Used by per.



- It shall nev - er pass a - way,
All the streets with gold are laid,
There life's crys - tal riv - er flows,
For the Lamb is all the light,

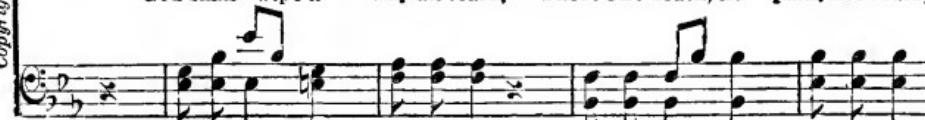
And there is "no night there."
And there is "no night there."
And there is "no night there."
And there is "no night there."



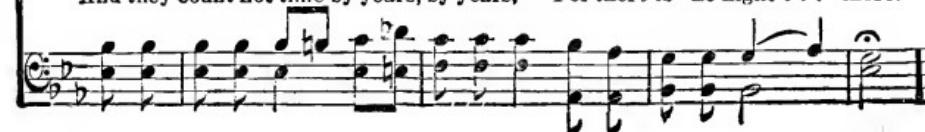
CHORUS. *mf*



God shall "wipe a - way all tears;" There's no death, no pain, nor fears;
God shall "wipe a - way all tears;" There's no death, no pain, nor fears;



And they count not time by years, For there is no night there.
And they count not time by years, by years, For there is "no night . . . there."



My Savior Thinks of Me.

Mrs. C. D. MARTIN.

W. STILLMAN MARTIN.



1. By night or day, where e'er I roam, On land or trackless sea,
2. Tho' friends for - sake and cares op-press, A - lone I seem to be,
3. Tho' sometimes when I sing my songs, I reach a min - or key,
4. And when I'm near - ing Jor - dan's brink, My soul shall hap - py be,



My soul is safe, my heart is glad, My Sav - ior thinks of me.
 My faith takes hold of Gods' own word, I'm sure He thinks of me.
 This chord of love will stir my heart, My Sav - ior thinks of me.
 And find sweet rest on Je - sus'breast, Be - cause He thinks of me.



CHORUS.



Of me, . . . of me, . . . He thinks . . . of me, . . .
 My Sav - ior al - ways thinks of me, My Sav - ior al - ways thinks of me.

*cres.**rit.*

My life is safe, my heart is glad, My Sav-ior thinks of me.

of me.



Blessed Jesus, Keep Me White.

43

P. P. B.

P. P. BILHORN.

1. Bless-ed Je-sus, Thou art mine, All I have is whol-ly Thine;
2. I am safe with-in the fold, All my cares on Thee are roll'd;
3. Pre-cious Je-sus, day by day, Keep me in the ho-ly way;

Thou dost dwell with-in my heart, make me clean in ev'-ry part.
I en-joy the sweet-est rest, For I'm lean-ing on Thy breast.
Keep my mind in per-fect peace, Ev'-ry day my faith in-crease.

CHORUS.

white.....

Bless-ed Je - - sus, keep me white, keep me white, Keep me
Bless-ed Je - - sus, keep me white,

walk - - - ing,

walking, keep me walk-ing in the light,..... All I have..... is
Keep me walk-ing in the light, All I have

whol-ly Thine,..... Blessed Je - - - sus, Thou art mine.
is wholly Thine, Blessed Je - - - sus,

Wonderful Story.

J. W. B.

JOSEPH W. BURGESS.

1. The Christ who died my soul to save, Each day to me seems dear-er;
 2. He said that up in heav-en He A man-sion is pre-pa-ring,
 3. I know not what this man-sion is His love to me has giv-en;
 4. I'll pray that I may pa-tient be — Tho' it were joy to meet Him—

And when I talk with Him, I feel That heav'n is com-ing near-er.
 And some-times I im-pa-tient grow, Its glo-ries to be shar-ing.
 I on-ly know that He is there, And where Christ is, 'tis heav-en.
 Un-til my work on earth is done, Then I'll go home to greet Him.

CHORUS. *Joyful.*

I'll sing of the won-der-ful sto-ry, When I get home to glo-ry, Where

sor-row and sin can nev-er come in And youthfulness nev-er grows old;

Bright gold-en the hills is a-dorn-ing Throughout an e-ter-ni-ty's morn-ing,

Wonderful Story.

45



And tears are unknown, For sor-row has flown, And Je-sus we there shall be - hold.



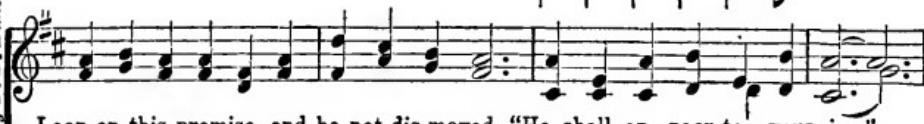
He Shall Appear to Your Joy.

Mrs. C. D. MARTIN.

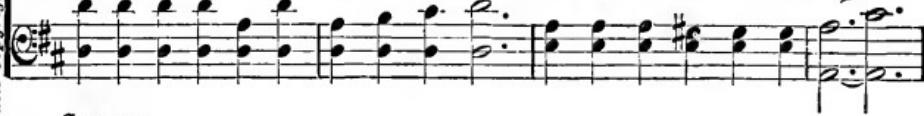
W. STILLMAN MARTIN,



1. Pressed by the tempter and weary at heart, Ev - 'ry thing seems to an - noy;
2. Strongly the world claims your heart as its own, Seeks your bright hopes to de-stroy
3. Her - alds of Je - sus, now seek-ing the lost, Glad-ly each mo - ment em - ploy,



Lean on this promise, and be not dis-mayed, "He shall ap - pear to your joy."
Lift up your eyes, there is help in the Lord, "He shall ap - pear to your joy."
Working and watching and waiting, ere long "He shall ap - pear to your joy."



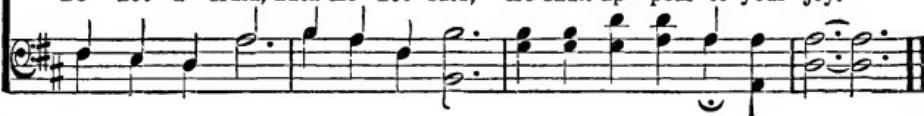
CHORUS.



"He shall appear to your joy, He shall appear to your joy,"
"He shall ap-pear, shall He shall ap-pear, shall



Be not a - fraid, hath He not said, "He shall ap - pear to your joy."



Christ is the Captain.

Mrs. C. D. MARTIN.

P. P. BILHORN.



1. Go-ing forth with Christ our Lead-er fight - ing wrong, March-ing to the
 2. Faithful to our Captain while the fight is on, Bold - ly press-ing
 3. Buck-le on His ar-mor, in - to bat - tle go, With the sword and



bat - tle-field with cour-age strong; Love shall be our ban-ner, truth shall
 for-ward with a shout and song, Loy - al in His serv-ice, val-iант
 spir - it march a - gainst the foe, When the fight is finished Christ shall



be our might, Tho' fierce and sore the con-flict we will win in the fight.
 in the strife, In Je-sus name we'll conquer, be it death! be it life!
 crown-ed be, With ban-ners proudly wav-ing we shall shout vic - to - ry!



CHORUS.



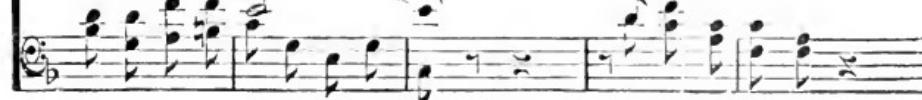
Christ is the Cap - tain . . . of our sal-va - tion, . . . With Him we march to
 Christ is the Cap - tain of our sal - va - tion, With Him we



Cap-tain of our sal - va - tion,



meet the foe; Tho' fierce the con - flict, Tho' foes be
 march to meet the foe; Tho' fierce the con-flict,



to meet the toe,

ma - ny, . . . No mat-ter where He leads us we will brave-ly go.
and foes be ma - ny, No mat-ter where He

Onward, Christian Soldiers!

S. BARING GOULD.

ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

1. Onward, Christian sol-diers, Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus
2. Like a mighty ar - my Moves the church of God; Brothers, we are tread - ing
3. Crowns and thrones may perish, Kingdoms rise and wane; But the church of Je - sus
4. Onward, then, ye faith-ful! Join our happy throng, Blend with ours your voic - es

Go - ing on be - fore! Christ, the Roy - al Mas - ter, Leads a - gainst the foe;
Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed, All one bod - y we -
Con-stant will re - main; Gates of hell can nev - er 'Gainst the Church prevail;
In the tri - umph song; Glo - ry, laud, and hon - or Un - to Christ the King:

CHORUS.

Forward in - to bat - tle See His ban - ner go!
One in hope and doc - trine, One in char - i - ty. Onward, Christian sol - diers,
We have Christ's own prom - ise, And that cannot fail.
This thro' countless a - ges Men and an - gels sing.

. Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go-ing on be - fore!
With the cross of

It Was Best to Be So.

EVA BROOKS.

P. P. BILHORN.



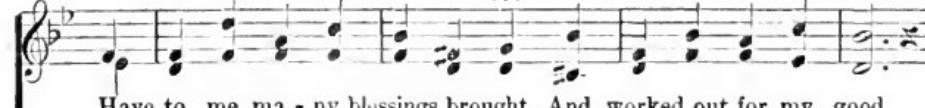
1. I'm think-ing of the days gone by And ma - ny scenes re - call,
2. God sees a - long our rug - ged way And knows what is the best,
3. The star of hope the wise men led Where the Re - deem - er lay,
4. His cloud of glo - ry led by day, His cloud of fire by night,



Which to me then seemed hard to bear, But God was in them all.
 Al - tho' sometimes the path seems rough, This tho't shall be my rest.
 So God still leads us by His love, And guides us all the way.
 The tri - als then seemed hard and wrong, I now can see were right.



I know the tri - als which have come, Tho' then not un - der - stood,
 Lord Thou canst see my ev - 'ry step, My times are in Thy hand,
 They safe - ly thro' the red sea past, His chos - en Is - rael band,
 Then help me Lord to ev - er know, All things for good shall be,



Have to me ma - ny blessings brought, And worked out for my good.
 I know Thou do - est all things well, Tho' hard to un - der-stand.
 So now His love is oft re - vealed, I oft can feel His hand.
 If I while here Thy way do keep And trust my all to Thee.



CHORUS.



All things work to-ge-ther for good to those who love the Lord, All things



It Was Best to Be So.

49



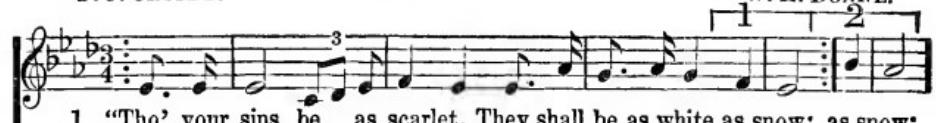
work to-gether for good to those who love the Lord; love the Lord.



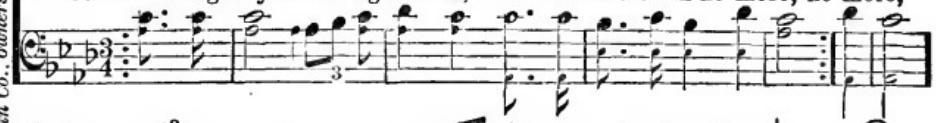
Though Your Sins be as Scarlet.

F. J. CROSBY.

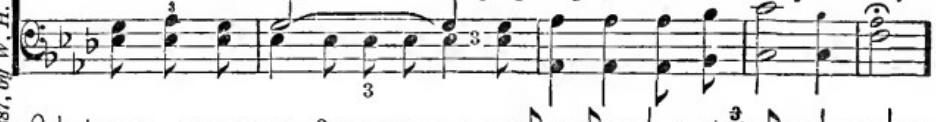
W. H. DOANE.



1. "Tho' your sins be as scarlet, They shall be as white as snow; as snow;
2. Hear the voice that entreats you, Oh, re - turn ye un - to God! to God!
3. He'll forgive your transgressions, And remember them no more; no more,



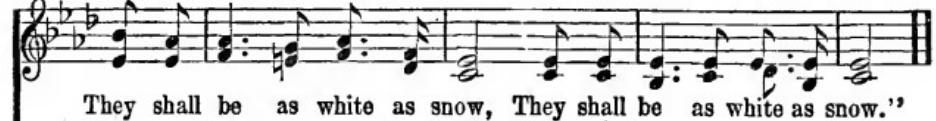
Tho' they be red like crimson, They shall be as wool;
He is of great com-pas-sion, And of wondrous love;
"Look un - to me, ye peo - ple," Saith the Lord your God;



"Tho' your sins be as scar-let, Tho' your sins be as scar - let,
Hear the voice that entreats you, Hear the voice that entreats you,
He'll for - give your transgressions, He'll for - give your transgressions,



Rit.



They shall be as white as snow, They shall be as white as snow."
Oh, re - turn ye un - to God! Oh, re - turn ye un - to God!
And re - mem - ber them no more, And' re - mem - ber them no more.



Fall In Line.

Rev. S. S. CRYOR, D. D.

THORO HARRIS.

1. Christ, our roy - al Captain, calls for sol-diers tried and true; Fall in line, ye
 2. On - ward, ev - er on - ward, to the thick-est of the fray; On - ward to the
 3. See our might-y host goes forth to con-quer all the world; See our glo-rious

cho-sen ones, and join the grand re - view; Let us keep our pledge "to
 glo-rious end for which we ev - er pray; On - ward in our Lead-er's
 ban-ner in all na - tions now un - furled; See the ser - ried ranks of

do what - e'er He'd have us do," Look-ing un - to Him for vic - t'ry.
 name and we shall win the day, We are march-ing on to con - quest.
 sin, as back-ward they are hurled, We are march-ing on to con - quest.

CHORUS.

Press on, on, on, ye tried and chosen band! Press on, on, on! It is our Lord's command!
 ye cho - sen Band, press on!

'Tis His command, press on:

Press on, on, on! No foe can us with stand; For we are marching on.

we are marching on.

With cour - age stands;

We're Marching to Zion.

51

ISAAC WATTS.

ROBERT LOWRY.

1. Come, we that love the Lord, And let our joys be known, Join
 2. Let those re - fuse to sing Who nev - er knew our God; But
 3. The hill of Zi - on yields A thou - sand sa - cred sweets, Be
 4. Then let our song a - bound, And ev - 'ry tear be dry; We're

in a song with sweet ac-cord, Join in a song with sweet ac-cord,
 chil-dren of the heav'n - ly King, But chil - dren of the heav'n - ly King,
 fore we reach the heav'n - ly fields, Be - fore we reach the heav'n - ly fields,
 marching thro' Im-man - uel's ground, We're marching thro' Im - man-uel's ground,

- And thus sur - round the throne, And thus sur-round the throne.
 May speak their joys a - broad, May speak their joys a - broad.
 Or walk the gold - en streets, Or walk the gold - en streets.
 To fair - er worlds on high, To fair - er worlds on high.
 And thus sur-round the throne, And thus sur-round the throne.

CHORUS.

We're march - ing to Zi - on, Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful Zi - on; We're
 We're march-ing on to Zi - on,

march - ing up-wards to Zi - on The beau - ti - ful cit - y of God.
 Zi - on, Zi - on.

P. P. B.

Act, 1: 8, 2; 1-4.

P. P. BILHORN.



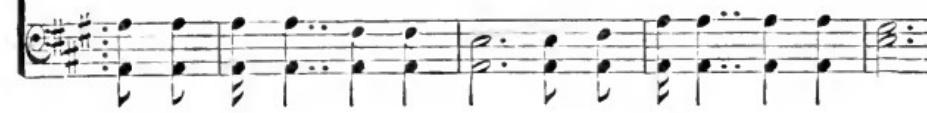
1. I can tell you when, I can tell you where, I can tell you why I'm free,
2. It was on the day of Pen-te-cost, When the pow'r of God was giv'n,
3. If you come to Christ and sur-ren - der all, And be-lieve His prom-ise true,



I can tell you how, I can tell you now, When the pow'er fell on me.
 For they all were filled with the Holy Ghost, When the pow'er fell from heav'n.
 You will have a day of Pen-te-cost, And the pow'er will fall on you.

CHORUS.* *Faster*

When the pow'er fell on me, When the pow'er fell on me;
 3. v. When the pow'er falls on you, When the pow'er falls on you;



Oh, it was a day of Pen-te-cost, When the pow'er fell on me.
 You will have a day of Pen-te-cost, When the pow'er falls on you.



*Keep on repeating the chorus until every one is filled with the Power. "Hallelujah!"

Stepping in the Light.

53

L. H. EDMUND'S.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Try - ing to walk in the steps of the Sav - ior, Try - ing to fol - low our
2. Press-ing more close ly to him who is lead - ing, When we are tempted to
3. Walk-ing in footsteps of gen - tle forbearance, Foot-steps of faith-fulness,
4. Try - ing to walk in the steps of the Sav - ior, Up-ward, still upward we'll

Sav - ior and King; Shap - ing our lives by His bless - ed ex - am - ple,
turn from the way; Trust - ing the arm that is strong to de - fend us,
mer - cy, and love; Look - ing to Him for the grace free - ly prom-ised,
fol - low our Guide; When we shall see Him, "the King in His beau - ty."

CHORUS.

Hap-py, how hap-py the songs that we bring,
Hap-py, how hap-py our prais - es each day. How beau-ti-ful to walk in the
Hap-py, how hap-py our jour-ne-y a - bove.
Hap-py, how hap-py our place at His side.

steps of the Sav - ior, Step-ping in the light, step - ping in the light; How

beau-ti ful to walk in the steps of our Sav - ior, Led in paths of light.

Bid Him Come In.

P. P. B.

P. P. BILBORN.

1. Oh, what a Sav - ior, He's pleading for you, Plead - ing for you,
2. Will you not trust Him as Sav - ior to - day? Trust Him to - day?
3. O - pen your heart's door and bid Him come in, Bid Him come in,
4. Come now to Je - sus, for why will you die? Why will you die?

plead-ing for you; Come and ac-cept Him, He's lov - ing and true,
 trust HIm to-day? He will drive sor - row and sigh-ing a - way,
 bid Him come in; He hath re-deemed you, He'll cleanse you from sin,
 why will you die? While Hie in mer - cy is com - ing so nigh,

Copyright, 1881, by P. P. Bilborn.

CHORUS.

- "Tis Je - sus now pleading for you. Shall..... He come
 Will you not trust Je - sus to-day?
 Oh, bid the dear Sav - ior come in.
 Oh, broth - er, then why will you die? Shall He come in?

in?..... Shall..... He come in?..... Will
 Shall He come in? He will redeem you and save you from sin; Bid HIm come in,

you not bid..... the dear Sav - ior come in?
 bid Him come in, Bid the dear Sav - ior come in.

Shepherd of Israel.

55

A. A. P.

Psa. 80: 1.

GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. Shep-herd of Is - ra - el, keep-ing Thy sheep—Nev-er for - get-ting in
2. Shep-herd of Is - ra - el, true to Thine own When the false hire - ling
3. Shep-herd of Is - ra - el, strong is Thine arm, Shield-ing Thy flock from each
4. Shep-herd of Is - ra - el, soon to ap - pear, Soon to de - liv - er Thy

slum-ber or sleep; Fold-ing them gent - ly when night com - eth on,
ser - vant hath flown; Lay-ing Thy life down their par - don to win,
threaten - ing harm; Gath'ring the lambs as they fal - ter and fall,
"lit - tle flock here! Just to be - hold Thee, their rich - est re - ward—

CHORUS.

Go - ing be - fore them at break of the dawn!
Shed-ding Thy blood to re - deem them from sin! Shep-herd of Is - ra - el
Safe in Thy bo - som en - fold - ing them all!
Shep-herd of Is - ra - el, Je - sus, their Lord!

Shepherd of love! Watching Thy flock from the glo-ry a - bove! Knowing how

wea - ry their wil-der-ness way; Pray-ing for them—ev-er liv-ing to pray!

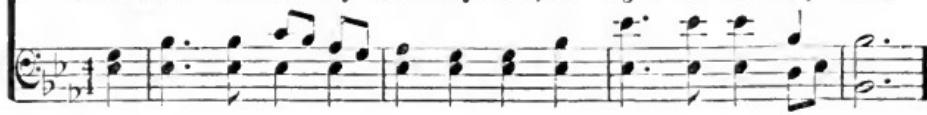
56 I Know Whom I Have Believed.

EL NATHAN.

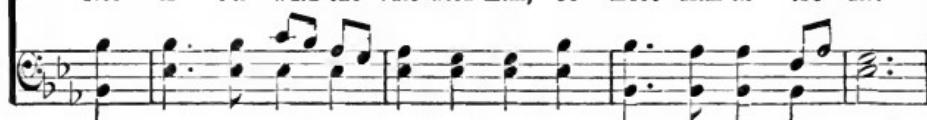
JAMES MCGRANAHAN.



1. I know not why God's wondrous grace To me He hath made known,
2. I know not how this sav-ing faith To me He did im-part,
3. I know not how the Spir-it moves, Con-vinc-ing men of sin,
4. I know not what of good or ill May be re-served for me,
5. I know not when my Lord may come, At night or noon-day fair,



Nor why—un-wor-thy—Christ in love Re-deemed me for His own.
 Nor how be-liev-ing in His Word Wrought peace within my heart.
 Re - veal - ing Je - sus thro' the Word, Cre - at - ing faith in Him.
 Of wea - ry ways or gold - en days, Be - fore His face I see,
 Nor if I'll walk the vale with Him, Or "meet Him in the air."



CHORUS.



But "I know whom I have be-liev-ed, And am per-suad-ed that He is a-ble



To keep that which I've com-mit - ted Un-to Him a-gainst that day."



So Changed.

57

Mrs. C. D. MARTIN.
SOLO. *Moderato.*

W. STILLMAN MARTIN.

1. So changed is my con - di - tion, Since Je - sus made me whole, Since
 2. So changed from nat - ures dark - ness, To be a child of God, His
 3. So changed and O so hap - py, Be - cause from sin I'm free The
 4. So changed in one short mo - ment, I'm saved by grace di - vine, And

love re - deemed from bond-age, And saved my sin-sick soul; In place of dark fore -
 spir - it is my teach - er, My food His precious word; So changed no con-dem -
 blood that speaks in heav - en, Is dai - ly cleans - ing me; The yoke that I must
 when my Sav - ior com - eth, His glo - ry will be mine; So changed in that fair

bod - ings the light of life di - vine, No more the "far off" plac - es,
 na - tion, in Christ am I to - day, My Sav - ior is my mas - ter,
 car - ry, my Sav - ior car - ries too, Tho' fierce the fight each mo - ment,
 morn - ing, like Him His own shall be, They bear His bless - ed im - age,

rit..

CHORUS. *Faster.*

The heav'n - ly place is mine.
 Old things have pass'd a - way! So changed is my con - di - tion, Praise God I'm
 By grace I'm go - ing thro'.
 When once His face they see.

saved to - day, In Christ is my po - si - tion, Old things have passed a-way.

Mrs. C. D. MARTIN.

P. P. BILHORN.



1. Hear the call for reap-ers as it comes from ev - 'ry land,(O hear it,) Are you
2. Ma - ny now are i - dle whom the Lord could use to-day,(In serv-ice,) Know-ing
3. Time is swift-ly pass-ing, soon the Mas - ter will be here,(Be earn-est,) And the



read - y Chris-tian to o - obey your Lord's command,(A-wake for) Sheaves are still un-
not how well the bless-ed Mas - ter will re-pay;(How ma-ny) Months and years are
end of toil-ing ver - y quick - ly draw-eth near,(Be faithful) Day and night, O

Words and Music, Copyright, 1907, by P. P. Bilhorn.



gathered, Just wait-ing for the work-er, Go forth and with the reap-ers
wast-ed, The souls of men are dy - ing, A - rouse you then, and bear the
reap-er, Go gath - er sheaves for Je - sus, Be faith-ful till in glo - ry



REFRAIN.



lend a hand.(And lend a hand.)

sheaves a-way.(The sheaves away.) The har-vest time is come and God is call-ing
He ap-pear.(Till He ap-pear.)

Rise, O sleep-ers, God is call-ing



Hear the Call for Reapers.

59

now for reap-ers, Who shall gath-er in the gold-en grain; A-wake, O
now for reap-ers, Who shall gath- er gold - en grain; A-wake, O
now for reap-ers, Who shall gath- er in the gold - en grain; A-wake, O

sleeper, be-come a reap-er, The call is sound-ing o-ver hill and
sleeper, rise to-day, while you may,

plain. The harvest time is come and God is call - ing now for reapers
and plain. The har-vest tyme is come and God is call-ing now for
The har-vest time is come and God is call - ing now for reapers

Who shall gath-er in the golden grain; A-wake,O sleeper, be-come a
reap - ers, Who shall gath - er grain;

Who shall gath-er in the gold - en grain; A-wake, O sleeper, rise to-day, be-come a
reaper, The call for reapers now is sound-ing o - ver hill and plain.
while you may, The call for reap - ers sounds o'er hill and plain.

Mrs. C. D. MARTIN.

WALTER KITTRIDGE.



1. Re - joic - ing to - day in the grace of God, Sing - ing a song of cheer,
2. God's peo - ple are stirred by the old time pow'r, Turn - ing from ev - 'ry sin,
3. The voice of the Spir - it once more is heard, Speak - ing to hearts of men;



Our hearts are made glad, for Christ the Lord Is draw - ing ver - y near.
Constrained by His love, they seek each hour The lost for Christ to win.
The won - der - ful pow'r of God's own word, We see and feel a - gain.



-- CHORUS.



Glo - ry be to God, we are singing here to-day, Pen-te - cost-al pow'r we see,



Mul - ti - tudes are turn-ing from their sins a-way To Him who makes them free

*rit.**Repeat pp.*

Come and you shall see, Come He died for thee, Come and you shall be made free.



The Best Friend is Jesus.

61

P. P. B.

DUET.

P. P. BILHORN.

1. Oh, the best friend to have is Je - sus, When the cares of life up - on you
2. What a friend I have found in Je - sus! Peace and com - fort to my soul He
3. Tho' I pass thro' the night of sor - row, And the chill-y waves of Jor-dan
4. When at last to our home we gath - er, With the loved ones who have gone be-

roll; He will heal the wound-ed heart, He will strength and grace im-part;
brings; Leaning on His might - y arm, I will fear no ill nor harm;
roll, Nev - er need I shrink nor fear, For my Sav - ior is so near;
fore, We will sing up - on the shore, Prais-ing Him for - ev - er more;

CHORUS. Spirited.

Copyright, 1891, by P. P. Bilhorn.

Oh, the best friend to have is Je - sus. The best friend to have is

Je - - - - sus, The best friend to have is Je - - - - sus, He will help you
Je-sus ev - ry day, Je - sus all the way,

when you fall, He will hear you when you call; Oh, the best friend to have is Je-sus.

Mrs. C. D. MARTIN.

W. STILLMAN MARTIN.

1. In the time of troub - le God him-self will hide thee, In the hour of
 2. In the time of troub - le God is al-ways near, When the heart is
 3. In the time of troub - le Tho' you can - not see, You shall know life's

CHORUS.

dan - ger Ill can ne'er be-tide thee.
 ach - ing Tell the Lord in prayer. In . . . His pa - vil - ion,
 mean - ing When the shad - ows flee. In His pa - vil - ion I am safely hid - ing,

Je - - - sus will hide me, Safe . . . in this ref -
 O what a shel - ter have I ev - 'ry hour, While in His pa - vil - ion I safe - ly am

Wak - - - ing or
 hid - ing. Noth - - - ing to fear; . . . Wak - - - ing or
 hid - ing. Noth - ing can make me a - fraid, a - fraid; When I am wak - ing and

sleep - - ing, Anx - - ious for noth - - ing,
 when I am sleep - ing. Hap - py in God I am anx - ious for noth - ing,

In the Time of Trouble.

63

eres. f rit. - - -

This block contains the first two staves of a musical score. The first staff begins with a forte dynamic (f) and a ritardando (rit.). The second staff begins with a piano dynamic (p) and a fermata over the first note.

While . . . I am cast - ing on Him all my care.
Cast-ing each mo-ment on Him all my care, I'm cast-ing on Him my care.

This block continues the musical score from the previous block, showing the continuation of the melody and harmonic progression.

Great Is My Need.

Mrs. C. H. M.

Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.

This block shows the beginning of the musical score for 'Great Is My Need'. It consists of two staves, one for Mrs. C. H. M. and one for Mrs. C. H. Morris, both in G major and common time.

1. Great is my need of Thee, Fa - ther di - vine, Longs all my
2. Great is my need of Thee, Deep as my sin The blood of
3. Great is my need of Thee, Thou know'st it all, My want and
4. Great is my need of Thee, Thy grace a - lone Sav - eth e -

This block continues the musical score for 'Great Is My Need', showing the continuation of the melody and harmonic progression.

This block continues the musical score for 'Great Is My Need', showing the continuation of the melody and harmonic progression.

soul to be A child of Thine. With - in Thine arms of grace Let me now
Cal - va - ry makes pure within; From pierced hands and side Streams forth the
pov - er - ty, My faith so small; Here I the world forsake, This choice I
ter - nal - ly, Thy pow'r I own. Thy love the gulf hath spann'd, Faith takes Thy

This block continues the musical score for 'Great Is My Need', showing the continuation of the melody and harmonic progression.

This block continues the musical score for 'Great Is My Need', showing the continuation of the melody and harmonic progression. It includes a ritardando (rit.) instruction.

find a place, Safe in Thy fond em-brace, Thy will be mine.
cleansing tide, In me Thou cru - ci - fied Thy work be - gin.
free - ly make, Though earth-ties all should break Thou art my all.
out-stretch'd hand, Safe to the bet - ter land Lead Thou me on.

This block continues the musical score for 'Great Is My Need', showing the continuation of the melody and harmonic progression.

64 You Can Always Depend on His Love.

JAMES ROWE.

THORO HARRIS.



1. Earthly friends may forsake you when troub-le is near, E-ven loved ones un-
2. Oft-en hearts that are firm when your sky brightly glows Melt a-way when a
3. If you trust Him com-plete-ly, your soul has a friend Whom no pow-er on



faith - ful may prove; But if Je - sus a - bides in your heart, nev-er fear,
storm forms a - bove, But the heart of the Sav-i-or no change ev - er knows,
earth can re-move; You will find Him the same e - ven un - to the end,



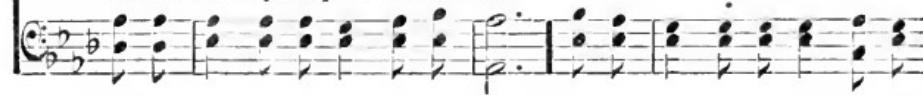
CHORUS. Brightly.



You can al - ways de-pend on His love.

You can al - ways de-pend on His love. You can al - ways de-pend on His

You can al - ways de-pend on His love.

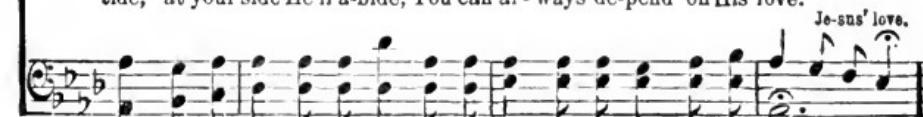


love, You can al-ways de-pend on His love; What-so - ev - er be-
Jesus' love, Jesus' love;



tide, at your side He'll a-bide, You can al - ways de-pend on His love.

Je-sus' love.



Words and Music Copyright, 1906, by P. P. Billhorn.

International Copyright.

I Know I am Saved by His Grace. 65

ADA BLENKHORN.

F. P. BILHORN.

1. The Spir - it doth wit - ness just now in my heart, New life, light and
2. Be - cause on the cross my trans-gress-ions He bore, For me He was
3. The sweet, ten-der voice of His in - fi - nite love Sings low in my
4. Be - cause He pre - par - eth a man - sion for me, A home with the

joy He doth free-ly im - part; Be-cause from with-in He will nev - er de - part,
wounded, the thorn-crown He wore; He will my transgressions re - mem - ber no more,
heart, like a beau-ti - ful dove; A taste of the bliss, that a - waits me a - bove,-
blest, where His glo - ry I'll see; Soon I shall be-hold Him and with Him shall be,—

rit.

CHORUS.

I know I am saved by His grace. I know I am saved! O what

knowledge di - vine, To know I am His and to know He is mine! I

look, and behold on - ly love in His face, I know I am saved by His grace,

won-der-ful grace.

H. L. B.

Not too fast.

H. L. BROOKS.

1. When the con-flict ra-ges and the foe is press-ing sore, And the day seems
 2. Let us all be read-y when the or-der comes to march, With our ar-mor
 3. When the bat-tle's o-ver and we lay our ar-mor down At the feet of

hard and long; March-ing on in faith be-liev-ing in His ho-ly
 buck-led on; Stand-ing at at-ten-tion till we get the Cap-tain's
 Christ our King; When we reap the great re-ward, and wear a gold-en

word, My faith grows bright and strong, Pray-ing with-out
 word Then move with a shout and song, Prais-ing God for-
 crown, In heav'n with the ransomed sing, Bask-ing in the

ceas-ing and with glad-some song, To vic-to-ry we march a-long
 ev-er with the ransomed throng, To vic-to-ry we march a-long.
 glo-ry of his smile each day, To vic-to-ry we march a-long.

CHORUS.

March on, march on, And heed the bu-gle call,
 March, march on. March, march on,

rit.

If you would be a soldier true March on, march one and all. and all.

Almost.

P. P. B.
Slowly.

P. P. BILHORN.

1. Al - most I trust - ed in Je - sus, Al-most I turn'd from my sin;
 2. Al - most I said, "Je - sus, save me," Al-most sub - mit- ted my will;
 3. Al - most, but still I re - sist - ed, Al-most, but nev - er believed;
 4. Al - most at one time I yield - ed, Al-most at one time was saved;
 5. Al - most why long - er re - fuse Him? Al-most, O lost one be-lieve;

Al - most I yield-ed com-plete - ly To the sweet striv-ing with - in.
 Al - most per-suad - ed to serve Him, But I re - ject-ed Him still.
 Al - most, but wait - ed and wait - ed, Till the sweet Spir-it was grieved.
 Al - most, but drift - ed and drift - ed; Sa - tan thus held me en - slaved.
 Al - most, swing o - pen thy heart's door, Je-sus, the Sav-i-or, re - ceive.

CHORUS. *Faster.*

Now is the time to re-ceive Him, Now is the time to be saved;

Now, while the Spir - it is plead-ing, Now, Je - sus wait-eth to save.

Victory Through the Blood.

Mrs. C. H. M.

Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.

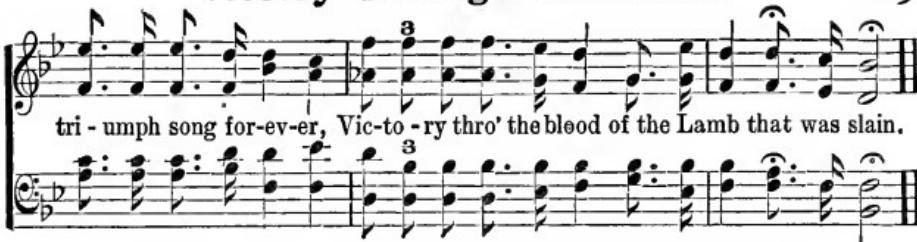
1. Hark to the prom-ise, "ye shall be conquer'rs," Lift up your heads, oh, ye
 2. On, brave-ly on, with cour-age un-dau-nted, Shedding His blood Christ hath
 3. On tho' the shot and shell may be fly-ing, On tho' the dark cloud of
 chil-dren of light; Look to the hills from whence thy help com-eth,
 van-quish'd the foe; On 'neath His ban-ner, crim-son red ban-ner,
 bat-tle still low'rs, On sin and Sa-tan ev-er de-fy-ing,

Christ is our King and He leads in the fight.
 By it we con-quer as on-ward we go.
 On for the vic-to-ry soon shall be ours.

CHORUS.

Vic-to-ry thro' the blood of the cru-ci-fied Re-deem-er, Vic-to-ry

thro' the blood, let all na-tions chant the strain, Vic-to-ry thro' the blood our



When You Have Found the Savior.

IDA L. REED.

LEWIS S. CHAFER.

Copyright, 1899, by W. S. Weedon. P. P. Billhorn, owner.

1. When you have found the Sav - ior, And peace thro' Him have known,
2. Lead oth - er souls to Je - sus, He who your sins for - gave,
3. Go, bear the bless-ed ti - dings, Of His sal - va - tion free,
4. Go, tell when you have found Him, How gra - cious and how kind

Then straight - way seek your broth - er, And lead Him to the throne.
 Whose love you've found so pre - cious, And tell - them He will save.
 To all who may not know Him, That they re - deemed may be.
 Is Je - sus your Re - deem - er, And Help them Him to find.

CHORUS.

When you have found the Sav - ior, Go, forth and glad - ly tell

rit.

The joy - ful news to oth - ers, That they His praise may swell.

Mrs. C. D. MARTIN.

W. STILLMAN MARTIN.

1. When the heart is o'er-whelmed with the bur-den of sin, There is
 2. In the hour of temp-ta-tion when tri-als as-sail, There is
 3. When in ser-vi-ce for Je-sus we la-bor and pray, There is

grace, . . . there is grace, . . . When in weak-ness we try the new
 grace, . . . there is grace, . . . When our friends all for-sake, and our
 grace, . . . there is grace, . . . In the good fight of faith in the

There is grace, there is grace.

life to be-gin, There's won-der-ful won-der-ful grace. . . .
 help-ers all fail, There's won-der-ful won-der-ful grace. . . .
 heat of the day, There's won-der-ful won-der-ful grace. . . .

won-der-ful grace.

CHORUS.

Grace al-ways for you and me, grace, fath-om-less as the sea,
 Grace with-out mea-sure for you and me, grace is as fath-em-less as the sea,

In ev'-ry deep need there'll be God's grace won-der-ful grace.
 In ev'-ry need there is sure to be God's won-der-ful, won-der-ful grace.

Jesus, Thou my Only Refuge.

71

Rev. FORD C. OTTMAN.

P. P. BILHORN.

- 
1. Je - sus, Thou my on - ly Ref - uge; Rock of A - ges, cleft for me:
 2. Words and tho'ts and best endeav - or, These for sin could not a - tone;
 3. Earn - est - ly I plead for mer - cy, Foul, I to the fountain fly;
 4. In Thy presence safely hide me; While I draw this fleet-ing breath;
 5. Then, for-ev - er-more, dear Sav - ior, Rock of A - ges, cleft for me,

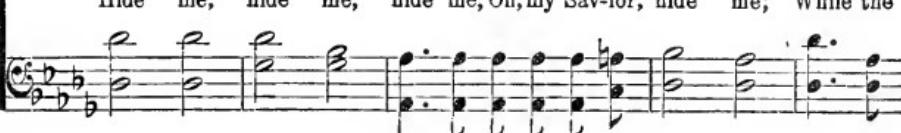


As the storm-clouds'round me gath-er, Let me hide myself in Thee,(my-self in Thee).
From the sea now raging'round me, Thou canst save and Thou a-lone,(and Thou a-lone).
In the blood shed for re-demp-tion, Wash me, Savior, or I die, (or I die).
To the heav'nly mansions guide me When mine eyes shall close in death,(shall close in death).
Saved from death and sin and sor - row, Let me hide myself in Thee,(my-self in Thee).

CHORUS.



Hide me, hide me, hide me, Oh, my Sav-iор, hide me; While the



cres, f rit,
stormy bil - lows roll, Thou the Ref-uge of my soul,(of my soul).

Garden of God.

L. D. SANTEE.

HARRY L. BROOKS.

1. There's a beau - ti - ful cit - y that lies far a-way From the
 2. From the shad - ows are lift - ed our sor - row - ful eyes, To the
 3. And there all of our sor - rows shall fade as a dream As we

earth with its bur - den of tears, Where the night nev - er en - ters but
 hills where the an - gels have trod, And our hearts ev - er yearn for our
 en - ter the coun - try of rest, While be - fore us in heav - en - ly

shad - ow - less days Shines on through e - ter - ni - ty's years.
 home in the skies, Our home in the gar - den of God.
 beau - ty shall gleam, The Man - sions pre - par ed for the blest.

CHORUS.

DUET.

Oh, beau - ti - ful cit - y, Cit - y of Gold;
 Beau - ti - ful cit - y of Gold;

Oh, beau - ti - ful cit - y, Treas - ures un - told;

Words and Music Copyright, 1905, by P. P. Bilhorn.

International Copyright.

Garden of God.

73

For if it Were Burning.

Arr. by P. P. B.

P. P. BILHORN.

1. Say, is your lamp burning, my brother? I pray you look quickly and see,
2. Re-mem-ber how ma-ny a-round you Will fol - low wher-ev-er you go;
3. There's many a lamp that is light-ed, We see them from near and from far,
4. If once all the lamps that are lighted Should stead-i-ly blaze in a line,

FINE.

For if it were burning, then surely Some beams would fall brightly on me.
 The tho't that they walked in your shadow, Would make your lamp brighter, I know.
 But few in their lustre and beau-ty Shine stead-i-ly on like a star.
 Wide o-ver the land and the o-cean A gir-dle of glo-ry would shine.

D. S.—if it were burning, then surely Some beams would fall brightly on me.

D. S.

CHORUS.

rit.

Let your light shine that others may see, This the commandment He giveth to thee, For
to Thee,

To the Harvest Field.

C. H. G.
Unison solo.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. A band of faithful reapers we,
2. We are a faithful glean-ing band,
3. The golden hours like moments fly,

Who gather for e-ter-ni-ty,
And la-bor at our Lord's command,
And harvest days are passing by;

The golden sheaves of ripened grain From ev'-ry val-ley, hill and plain;
Un-yield-ing, loy-al, tried and true, For lo! the reap-ers are but few;
Then take thy rust-y sick-le down, And la-bor for a fadeless crown;

Our song is one the reap-ers sing,
Be-hold the waving har-vest field
Why will you i-dly stand and wait?

In hon-or of their Lord and King—
A-bundant with a gold-en yield;
Be-hold the hour is grow-ing late!

Words and Music Copyright, 1896, by E. O. Excell. Charlie D. Tillman, owner.

To the Harvest Field.

75



The Master of the harvest wide, Who for a world of sinners died.
And hear the Lord of harvest say To all, "Go reap for me to - day."
Can you to judgment bring but leaves, While here are waiting golden sheaves.



CHORUS.



To the harvest field a - way, For the Master call - eth; There is work for



all to-day, Ere the darkness fall - eth. Swiftly do the moments fly,

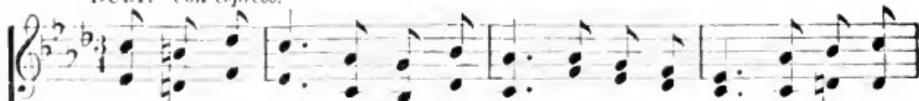


Harvest days are go - ing by, - Go-ing, go-ing, go-ing, go-ing by.



H. L. B.
DUET. *Con espress.*

HARRY L. BROOKS.



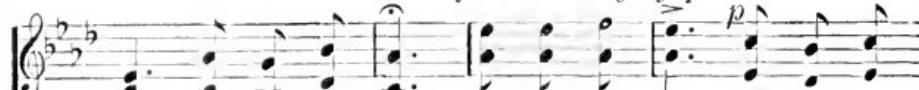
1. Some-times I hear a song so sweet, No mort-al can its notes re-
2. Some-times to me comes o'er and o'er, The voice of loved ones gone be-
3. Some-times when earth-ly song is done, The bat-tle o'er, the vic-tr-y



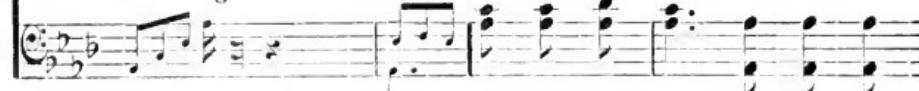
peat; Like mel - o - dy of an - gels' lyre, Or har - mo-
fore; And in my dreams I see once more, Their fa - ces
won; 'Till then I'll wait, 'Twill not be long, I'll know the



f CHORUS. Brightly. p.



ny of heav-en's choir.
on the gold - en shore. Some day from toil and care set
mean - ing of that song.



eres.



free, I'll with the an - gel chor - us be, And I shall



cres.

rit.



sing their songs so sweet, Of "PEACE, SWEET PEACE" at Je - sus' feet.



Words and Music Copyright, 1906, by P. P. Bihorn.

International Copyright.

The Lamb of God.

77

P. P. B.

P. P. BILHORN.

1. My soul is redeemed by the blood of the Lamb, The blood of the
2. It was in the plan of re-demp-tion for man, Re-demp-tion for
3. The Lamb without blemish for me hath been slain, For me hath been
4. My Sav - ior, I love thee for par-don so free, For par-don so

Lamb, the blood of the Lamb. He sought me and bought me, now
 man, re-demp-tion for man, That Je - sus should come and be
 slain, for me hath been slain; 'Twas Je - sus the Sav - ior, He
 free, for par - don so free; My life and my all I will

hap - py I am Since saved by the blood of the Lamb.
 slain as a Lamb To pur-chase sal - va - tion for man.
 liv - eth a - gain, 'Twas Je - sus the Lamb that was slain.
 give un - to Thee, To Je - sus who suf - fered for me.

CHORUS.

My soul is re-deemed by the blood of the Lamb, The

blood of the Lamb, The blood of the Lamb; blood of the Lamb of God.

S. F. BENNETT.

Jos P. WEBSTER.

1. There's a land that is fair - er than day, And by faith we can see
 2. We shall sing on that beau - ti - ful shore The mel - o - di - ous songs
 3. To our boun - ti - ful Fa - ther a - bove We will of - fer our tri -

it a - far; For the Fa - ther waits o - ver the way To pre -
 of the blest; And our spir - its shall sor - row no more, Not a
 bute of praise For the Glo - ri - ous gift of his love And the

CHORUS.

pare us a dwell - ing place there. In the sweet by and by,
 sigh for the bless - ing of rest. In the sweet by - and - by,
 bless - ings that hal - low our days. I be - lieve Je - sus saves
 I be - lieve Je - sus saves

We shall meet on that beau - ti - ful shore; In the sweet beau-ti-ful shore; In the sweet
 And His blood wash - es whit - er than snow; I be - lieve whit - er than snow; I be - lieve
 whit - er than snow; I be - lieve

by and by, We shall meet on that beau - ti - ful shore.
 Je - sus saves by and by, And His blood wash - es whit - er than snow.

The Chief Among Ten Thousand.

79

Mrs. FRANK A. BRECK.

F. DEGEN.

1. How much my dear Sav - iour has suf - fered for me, To
 2. His won - der - ful love I can nev - er ex - press, 'Tis
 3. His glo - ri - ous beau - ty out - reach - es be - lief, When
 4. No words ev - er meas - ured the breadth or the length Or

show His un - speak - a - ble love, How could He be will - ing my
 far be-yond words to un - fold; No plum - met has fath - omed His
 a - ges on a - ges have passed, We still shall be sound - ing the
 depth or the height of his love; And no one can know till in

ran - som to be, And leave all His glo - ry a - bove?
 deep ten - der - ness, Nor half of His good - ness been told.
 praise of our Chief, Whose glo - ries for - ev - er will last.
 re - gions of light, How great is His glo - ry a - bove.

CHORUS. *Cheerful.*

He is "Chief a-mong ten thou-sand, Al - to - geth - er love - ly" He—

He is Chief a-mong ten thousand, More than all the world to me.

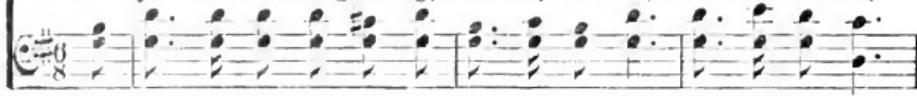
80 I've Found the More Excellent Way.

INA DULEY OGDON.

P. P. BILHORN.



1. I sing of the Sav - ior of earth and of heav'n, Him I a - dore!
2. How strong the temp - ta tions o'er whelming my soul, Ne'er shall I know,
3. Once sad - ness and doubt-ing re - pin - ing and fear, Haunt - ed my night,
4. O ye who are lan - guish-ing, driv - en, un - done, Hast - en a - rise,



Him I o - bey! How pre - cious the gifts He has pur - chased and given,
ne'er can I say; But might - y the spir - it as - sum - ing con - trol,
cloud - ed my day; But now I am filled with an in - fi - nite cheer,
do not de - lay; There's bless - ing e - ter - nal in God's on - ly Son,



CHORUS.



- I've found the more ex - cel - lent way! I've found the more ex - cel - lent
4. You'll find the more ex - cel - lent way. You'll find the more ex - cel - lent



way, {I've found} the more excellent way, By casting {my}
ex - cel - lent way, You'll find } the more excellent way, ex - cel - lent way,



all on the al - tar I say! {I've found} the more ex - cel - lent way. ex - cel - lent way.



It is Well With My Soul.

81

H. G. SPAFFORD.

P. P. BLISS.



1. When peace like a riv - er at - tend - eth my way, When sor - rows like
2. Tho' Sa - tan should buf - fet, tho' tri - als should come, Let this blest as -
3. My sin - oh, the bliss of this glo - ri - ous tho't! My sin—not in
4. And, Lord, haste the day when the faith shall be sight, The clouds be roll'd

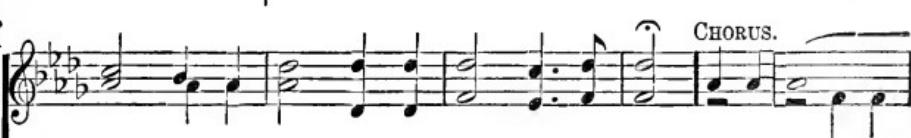


Copyright, 1901, by The John Church Co. Used by per.

sea bil - lows roll; What - ev - er my lot, Thou hast taught me to sur - ance con - trol, That Christ has re - gard - ed my help - less es - part, but the whole, Is nailed to His cross and I bear it no back as a scroll, The trump shall re - sound and the Lord shall de -



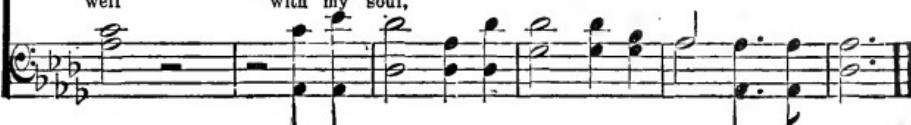
CHORUS.



say, It is well, it is well with my soul.
tate, And hath shed His own blood for my soul. It is well
more: Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my soul!
scend: "E - ven so"— it is well with my soul! It is



. . . with my soul, It is well, it is well with my soul.
well with my soul,



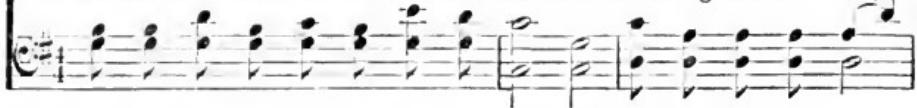
Who Will Be the Next.

INA DULEY OGDON.

P. P. BILHORN.



1. Who will be the next to fol - low Je - sus? Who will now o - bey?
2. Who will be the next to speak for Je - sus? By this good ness stirred,
3. Who will be the next to work for Je - sus? Join His ran-somed band,
4. Who will be the next to live for Je - sus? Com - ing at His call,



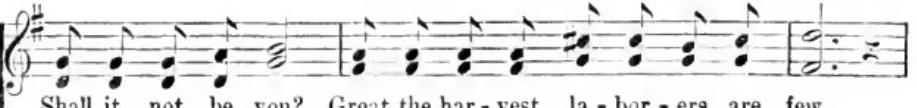
dy - ing love re - pay? Who will be the next to heed His plead - ing,
 speak a lov - ing word; Who will help to spread a-broad His mes - sage,
 lend a will - ing hand; Who will speed the com - ing of His king - dom,
 at His feet to fall; Who will leave the world to fol - low Je - sus,



REFRAIN.



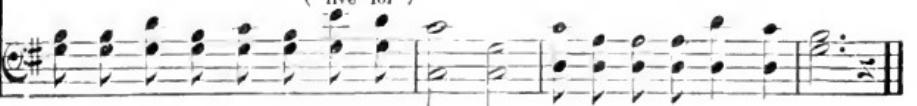
Who will come to Christ to - day?
 Un - til ev - 'ry soul has heard? Shall it not be you?
 Who will move at His com - mand?
 Who will make Him all in all?



Shall it not be you? Great the har - vest, la - bor - ers are few,



Who will be the next to { fol - low
 speak for } Je - sus, Broth-er shall it not be you?
 work for
 live for



T. H.

THORO HARRIS.

1. I was once a poor and wretched sin - ner, From the fold I'd
 2. Since my heart I yield - ed to my Sav - ior, And His pre - cious
 3. Praise the bless - ed name of Christ for - ev - er That from sin He

wan - der'd far a - way; But the lov - ing Sav - ior sought and found me,
 blood hath made me whole, I'm re - joic - ing dai - ly in His fa - vor,
 ful - ly ran - somed me! Now to all I'll tell the won - drous sto - ry

CHORUS.

And there's glad - ness in my heart to - day.

And He dwells with-in my rapt - ured soul. Hal - le - lu - jah!

That the whole wide world His grace may see.

Hal - le - lu - jah!

Je - sus saves me

From the guilt and pow'r of sin;

Je - sus saves me

Praise the Lord!

From Him nev - er,

Aught can sever, For He lives and reigns with-in.

From Him nev - er,

Mrs. C. D. MARTIN.

W. STILLMAN MARTIN.



1. In the stead of the Lord we be-seech you to-day, Be ye re-con-ciled,
 2. Naught remains to be done, all thy debt Je-sus paid, Be ye re-con-ciled,
 3. When the Lord has redeemed you go ech-o the call, Be ye re-con-ciled,

to God,



be ye re-con-ciled; And with pur-pose of heart from your sins turn a-way,
 be ye re-con-ciled; Your in - i - qui-ties once up - on Him have been laid,
 be ye re-con-ciled; In the serv-i-ce of Je-sus there's room for us all,

to God;



CHORUS.

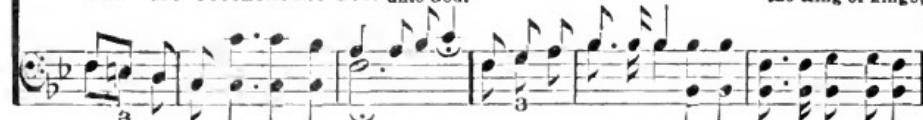


Be ye re-con-ciled to God.

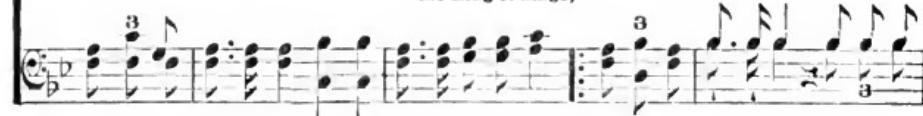
Be ye re-con-ciled to God. We are am-bas-sa-dors for the King,

Who are reconciled to God. unto God.

the King of kings,



We are am-bas-sa-dors for the King. And we beseech of you, Now we be-
 the King of kings,



seech of you, Be ye re-con-ciled to God; Be ye re-con-ciled to God.



The Home I Have Up Yonder.

85

H. L. FRISBIE.

P. P. BILHORN.

1. Why should I strive for earth-ly things, I have a home up yon - der;
2. What if the path be rough and steep, I have a home up yon - der;
3. Why should I seek for emp - ty fame, I have a home up yon - der;
4. What need have I for lands or gold? I have a home up yon - der;

My Fa - ther is the King of kings, I have a home up yon - der.
 His arm sus-tains, His mer-cies keep, I have a home up yon - der.
 My hopes are built on Je - sus' name, I have a home up yon - der.
 My Fa-ther's house has bliss un - told, I have a home up yon - der.

Near-er my home I dai - ly fare, My rich - est treasures all are there;
 I'm go - ing home some sweet, glad day, His hand will lead me all the way;
 By faith I see its walls a - rise, I forward press to gain the prize;
 This home my Lord hath made for me, Thro' His great love the gift is free;

'Tis beau - ti - ful be - yond com-pare, The home I have up yon - der.
 'Tis mine for - ev - er - more and aye, The home I have up yon - der.
 I'll soon be-hold with joy - ful eyes, The home I have up yon - der.
 In God's good time mine eyes shall see, The home I have up yon - der.

FINE.

REFRAIN.

D. S.

"Home, home, sweet, sweet home," His love to me hath giv - en free,

J. W. VAN DE VENTER.

W. S. WEEDEN.



1. The dear lov-ing Sav-iour has found me, And shattered the fet-ters that
 2. He sought me so long ere I knew Him, But fi-nal-ly win-ning me
 3. I nev-er, no, nev-er will leave Him, Grow wea-ry of serv-ice and



bound me, Tho' all was con-fu-sion a-round me, He came and spake
 to Him, I yield-ed my all to pur-sue Him, And asked to be
 grieve Him, I'll con-stant-ly trust and be-lieve Him, Re-main in His



peace to my soul; The bless-ed Re-deem-er that bought me, In
 filled with His grace; Al-though a vile sin-ner be - fore Him, Thro'
 pres-ence di-vine; A - bid-ing in love ev-er flow-ing, In



ten-der-ness con-stant-ly sought me, The way of sal-va-tion He
 faith I was led to im-plore Him, And now I re-joice and a-
 knowl-edge and grace ev-er grow-ing, Con-fid-ing im-plic-it-ly,



CHORUS.



taught me, And made my heart per-fect-ly whole.
 dore Him, Re-stored to His lov-ing em-brace. He saves me, He
 know-ing That Je-sus the Sav-iour is mine.



He Saves Me.

87

saves me, His love fills my soul, hal - le - lu - jah! O glo - ry, O glo - ry,
His spir - it a - bid - eth with-in; His blood cleanseth me from all sin.

Fill Me Now.

E. H. STOKES.

JNO. R. SWEENEY.

By per.
Copyright, 1879, by John J. Hood.

1. Hov - er o'er me Ho - ly Spir - it, Bathe my trembling heart and brow;
2. Thou canst fill me, gra - cious Spir - it, Tho' I can - not tell Thee how;
3. I am weak-ness, full of weak-ness; At Thy sa - cred feet I bow;
4. Cleanse and comfort, bless and save me; Bathe, oh, bathe my heart and brow;

FINE.

Fill me with Thy hal-lowed pres-ence, Come,oh, come and fill me now.
But I need Thee, great - ly need Thee,Come,oh, come and fill me now.
Blest, di vine, e - ter - nal Spir - it, Fill with pow'r, and fill me now.
Thou art com-fort - ing and sav - ing, Thou art sweet - ly fill - ing now.

D. S.-Fill me with Thy hal-lowed pres-ence,Come,oh, come and fill me now.

CHORUS

D. S.

Fill me now, fill me now, Je - sus, come and fill me now;

P. P. B.

P. P. BILHORN.



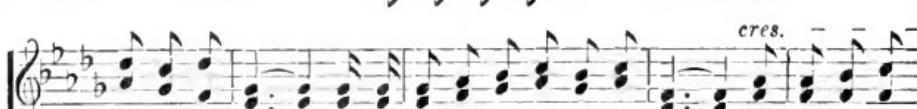
1. In - to life's dark-ness, in - to life's night, In - to my soul shines
2. O - ver my spir - it comes a sweet rest, Sooth - ing and gen - tle,
3. Down on life's path-way love light of peace, Comes with a ha - lo
4. In - to life's sor - rows, in - to life's woes, Peace like a riv - er



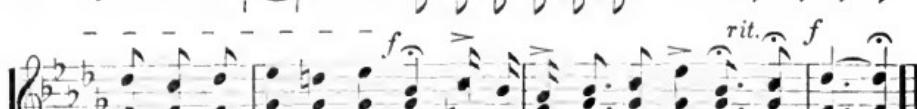
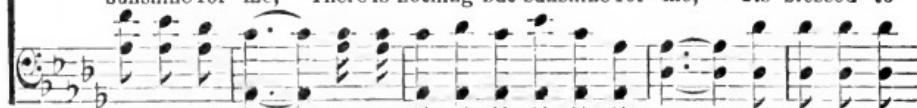
heav - en - ly light; Light of re - demp - tion, wondrous and free,
lov - ing and blest, 'Tis from the Man of dear Gal - i - lee,
joy to in - crease; Ev - er un-chang-ing bound-less and free,
ev - er - more flows, Won - der - ful grace from Cal - va - ry's tree

*rit.**CHORUS. Cheerful.*

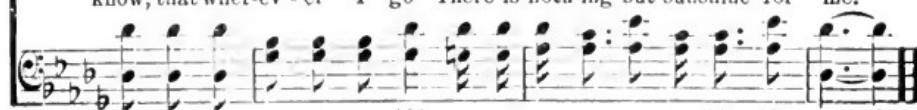
Bring-ing the bless-ing of sunshine to me. "There is nothing but



sunshine for me," "There is nothing but sunshine for me," 'Tis blessed to



know, that wher-ev - er I go "There is noth-ing but sunshine for me."



Words and Music Copyright 1896, by P. P. Bilhorn. International Copyright.

Only a Ray of Sunshine Fair.

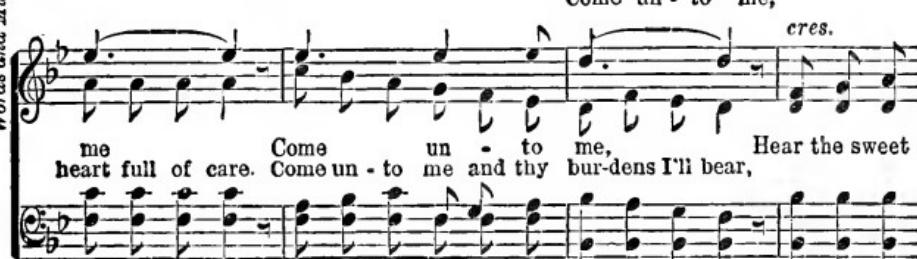
89

H. L. B.

H. L. BROOKS.



CHORUS.



JNO. R. CLEMENTS.

P. P. BILHORN.

1. Don't you hear the Sav - ior call-ing In those tones so matchless sweet?
 2. Don't you hear the Sav - ior call-ing? How He loves each wand'ring child:
 3. Don't you hear the Sav - ior call-ing? He may nev-er call a-gain;

Don't you hear Him call-ing you from sin a-way (from sin a-way)?
 What re - joic-ing when He sees one com-ing home (one coming home)!
 It is now He bids you turn to Him and live (O turn and live);

Can't you catch the ten - der plead-ing As He bids you to His feet,
 Not a night was e'er so cheer-less, Nor a storm has raged so wild
 For His ways are ways of pleas-ant-ness, And all His paths are peace;

CHORUS.

There to learn love's sweetest les - son for each day? }
 To restrain Him in His search for those who roam. } Calling, calling;
 'Tis a life of joy and hap - pi - ness He'll give.

Heed His tender voice; Listen, listen, Make to-day the choice. Calling, calling,

Hear Him Calling.

91

Sweet-er than be-fore; Now in lov-ing, ten-der tones He calls once more.

Every Day and Hour.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

Slowly.

W. H. DOANE, by per.

1. Sav-i-or, more than life to me, I am clinging, clinging close to Thee;
2. Thro' this changing world be-low, Lead me gently, gently as I go;
3. Let me love Thee more and more, Till this fleeting, fleeting life is o'er;

Let Thy precious blood applied, Keep me ev-er, ev-er near Thy side.
Trusting Thee, I can-not stray, I can nev-er, nev-er lose my way.
Till my soul is lost in love, In a brighter, brighter world a-bove.

REFRAIN.

Ev-'ry day, ev-'ry hour, Let me feel Thy cleansing pow'r;
Ev-'ry day and hour, ev-'ry day and hour,

May Thy ten-der love to me Bind me clos-er, clos-er, Lord, to Thee.

92 Sing Unto the Lord a New Song.

P. P. B.
Psalm 96.

P. P. BILHORN.

1. Sing un - to the Lord and bless His ho - ly name, Sing un - to the
2. Give un - to the Lord, all beau - ty, hon - or, fame, Give un - to the
3. Wor - ship ye the Lord in truth and Ho - li - ness, Sing a mong the
4. Let the fields be joy - ful, and all that is there - in All the trees and

Lord, be glad sal - va - tion came, For the Lord is great and
 Lord the glo - ry due His name, Bring an of - fer - ing and
 heath - en, talk His right - eous - ness Let the heav'ns re - joice and
 woods re - joice when free from sin, He shall judge the earth with

great - ly to be praised, O, sing a new song un - to Him.
 come in - to His courts, O, sing a new song un - to Him.
 let the earth be glad, O, sing a new song un - to Him.
 right - eous - ness and truth, O, sing a new song un - to Him.

CHORUS. Joyful.

O sing un - to the Lord a new song. A new song, a new song;

O sing

O, sing a new song, a new song let us sing.

O, sing un - to the Lord.

Thy Law is My Meditation.

93

From Psalm 19.

W. STILLMAN MARTIN.

The judg - ments of the Lord are truth, And right-eous-ness most pure.
 Than hon - ey, from the hon - ey-comb That drop-peth, sweet-er far.
 A great re - ward pro - vid - ed is For them that keep the same.
 Thy serv - ant al - so keep Thou back From all pre-sump-tuous sins.
 I shall be right-eous, then, and from The great trans-gres-sion free.

CHORUS. 119: 97.

O how love I Thy law, O how love I Thy law; It is my med - i-

ta - tion all the day; all O how love I Thy law,

O how love I Thy law, It is my med - i - ta - tion all the day.

all the day.

94 When the Roll is Called Up Yonder.

B. M. J.

J. M. BLACK.

1. { When the trum - pet of the Lord shall sound, and time shall be no more,
 } When the saved of earth shall gath - er o - ver on the oth - er shore,
 2. { On that bright and cloud-less morn ing when the dead in Christ shall rise,
 } When His chos - en ones shall gath - er to their home be - yond the skies,
 3. { Let us la - bor for the Mas - ter from the dawn till set - ting sun,
 } Then when all of life is o - ver and our work on earth is done,

J. M. Black, owner of Copyright. Used by per.

And the morn - ing breaks, e - ter - nal bright, and fair; }
 And the (Omit.) } roll is called up
 And the glo - ry of His res - ur - rec - tion share; }
 And the (Omit.) } roll is called up
 Let us talk of all His won - drous love and care; }
 And the (Omit.) } roll is called up

D. S.—roll is called up

FINE. CHORUS.

yon - der, I'll be there. When the roll is called up
 When the roll is called up
 yon - der, I'll be there.

yon - der, When the roll is called up yon - der,
 yon - der, I'll be there, When the roll is called up yon - der, I'll be

der, When the roll is called up yon - der, When the
 there. When the roll is called up yon - der, When the

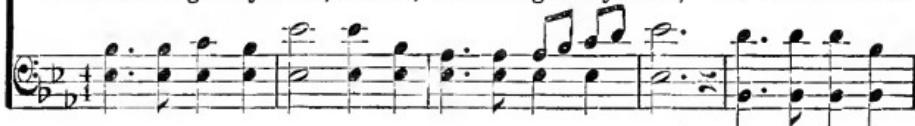
Lead Me Gently Home, Father.

95

W. L. T.

W. L. THOMPSON.

SOLO OR DUET. *ad lib.*



end - ed, And parting days have come, Sin no more shall tempt me, Ne'er from
hours, Father, When life's troubles come, Keep my feet from wand'ring, Lest from



Thee I'll roam, If Thou'lt on - ly lead me, Father, Lead me gen-tly home.
Thee I roam, Lest I fall up - on the wayside, Lead me gen-tly home.



REFRAIN.



Lead me gen - tly home, Fa - ther Lead me gen - tly,
Lead me gen - tly home, Fa - ther, Lead me gen - tly home. Fa - ther,



Lest I fall up - on the way - side, Lead me gen - tly home.
gen - tly home.



The Lord Is My Shepherd.

T. KOECHAT.



1. The Lord is my Shep-herd, no want shall I know, I
2. Thro' the val - ley and shad - o w of death tho' I stray, Since
3. In the midst of af - flic - tion my ta - ble is spread; With
4. Let good - ness and mer - cy, my boun - ti - ful God, Still



feed in green pas - tures, safe fold-ed I rest; He lead-eth my
Thou art my Guardian, no e - vil I fear; Thy rod shall de-
bless-ings un-meas-ured my cup run-neth o'er; With perfume and
fol - low my steps till I meet Thee a - bove. I seek by the



soul where the still wa-ters flow, Re - stores me when wand'ring, re-
fend me, Thy staff be my stay; No harm can be - fall, with my
oil Thou a - noint-est my head; Oh, what shall I ask of Thy
path which my fore - fa-thers trod, Thro' the land of their so-journ, Thy



deems when oppressed, Re-stores me when wand'ring, redeems when oppressed.
Com-fort - er near, No harm can be - fall, with my Com-fort - er near.
prov - i-dence more? Oh, what shall I ask of Thy prov-i-dence more
king-dom of love, Thro' the land of their so-journ, Thy kingdom of love.



We are Soldiers of the King.

97

J. W. WARD.

W. S. WEEDEN.

1. We are sol - diers of the King Heav'nly ti - dings we will sing, Marching
2. With our shield and banner bright, We are fight - ing for the right, Marching
3. We've en - list - ed for the right, And its foes we'll bravely fight, Marching

on, yes, marching on; Will you join our ranks to-day,
 on, yes, marching on; Tho' the foe is press - ing near,
 on, yes, marching on; Cheer, my comrades, loudly cheer,
 march - ing on; march - ing on;

Praising Him who leads the way? Marching on, yes, marching on.
 With our King we do not fear, Marching on, yes, marching on.
 For the vic - to - ry is near, Marching on, yes, marching on.

March - ing on,

CHORUS.

We are sol - diers of the King, Heav'nly tidings we will sing, Glo-ry, glo-ry
 We are soldiers of the King.

to our King, Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal le-lu-jah! We are sol-diers of the King.

Hal - le - lu - jah!

Counted In.

Mrs. C. H. M.

Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.

A musical score for three voices (Soprano, Alto, Tenor/Bass) in common time, key of G major. The vocal parts are written above a piano accompaniment. The vocal entries correspond to the numbered lyrics below.

1. Not to be of the wise or the rich or the great
 2. It may not be my part in the con-flict with sin In the frontranks of
 3. Sat - is - fied if I know that my Lord is con-tent With the serv-ice I

Continuation of the musical score for three voices and piano, corresponding to the lyrics in the previous section.

men thus to win, But my heart doth as-pire with a long-ing de-
 bat-tle to fight, But un-hon-or-ed, unknown, when He wants me, a-
 ren-der each day, I will stand at my post where He need-eth me

Continuation of the musical score for three voices and piano, corresponding to the lyrics in the previous section.

men thus to win,
 bat-tle to fight,
 ren-der each day.

CHORUS. Duet.

A musical score for two voices (Soprano and Alto) in common time, key of G major. The vocal parts are written above a piano accompaniment.

sire, With the faithful to be count-ed in.
 lone I can faith-ful-ly stand for the right. Counted in with the loy-al, the
 most, And will follow where He leads the way.

Continuation of the musical score for two voices and piano, corresponding to the lyrics in the previous section.

Parts.

A musical score for two voices (Soprano and Alto) in common time, key of G major. The vocal parts are written above a piano accompaniment.

brave and the true, Counted in with the faithful with Christ go-ing thro; Counted

Continuation of the musical score for two voices and piano, corresponding to the lyrics in the previous section.

in, counted in, with the faithful to be counted in.
 Count-ed in. count-ed in.

Continuation of the musical score for two voices and piano, corresponding to the lyrics in the previous section.

O What a Savior is Jesus to Me.

99

Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

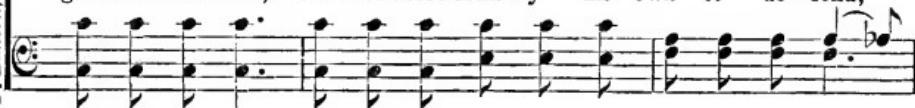
HOWARD E. SMITH.



1. O what a Sav - ior is Je - sus to me, Lov - ing and true,
2. Nev - er a mo - ment that He is not near, Grace to be - stow,
3. Is there an - oth - er so lov - ing a Friend, Gracious and kind,



lov - ing and true; Dai - ly re - new - ing His grace un - to me
grace to be - stow; Read - y to com - fort and read - y to cheer
gra - cious and kind; Ev - er-more read - y his own to de - fend,



CHORUS.



While His commandments I do!
As on my jour - ney I go. O what a ten - der, com - pas - sion - ate
And so to bless me in - clined?



Friend I've found Him to be, I've found Him to be! O what a



won - der - ful, won - der - ful Sav - ior is Je - sus my Lord to me! . . .
to me!



Wonderful Calling.

Mrs. C. D. MARTIN.

P. P. BILHORN.

1. "Called to the king-dom and glo - ry of
2. Called to be chil-dren, our Fa - ther to
3. Called to a life of sur-ren-de-er and
4. Called to par-take of sal - va-tion and

God," Called to be heirs with the
know, Called to the serv - ice of
pow'r, Called to be filled with God's
peace, Called to a life of un-

Sav - ior and Lord, Called now to walk in the strength of His grace,
God here be - low; Called to be light in the dark world of sin,
Spir - it each hour; Called from the self life to "live un - to God",
speak-a - ble bliss; Called now the cross of our Sav - ior to share,

rit.

Soon He will call us to look on His face.
Called, oth - er lost ones to Je-sus to win. This the "high call - ing" of
Know-ing no Mas-ter save Je-sus the Lord.
Soon He will call us a bright crown to wear.

CHORUS. *cres.*

Soon He will call us to look on His face.
Called, oth - er lost ones to Je-sus to win. This the "high call - ing" of
Know-ing no Mas-ter save Je-sus the Lord.
Soon He will call us a bright crown to wear.

cres.

all who be - lieve, These are the blessings God's children re - ceive; Won-der-ful

cres. *f* *rit.*

all who be - lieve, These are the blessings God's children re - ceive; Won-der-ful

grace from a won-der-ful Lord, Won-der-ful call-ing, Oh, glo-ry to God.

Words and Music Copyright, 1906, by P. P. Bilhorn. International Copyright.

In the Fighting Line.

101

Mrs. C. D. MARTIN.

W. STILLMAN MARTIN.

1. In the fight-ing line, in the front of the bat-tle, Is the place for the
 2. In the fight-ing line, where the dan-gers are thickest, Where the shot and the
 3. In the fight-ing line you will find man's Re-deemer, He's the Cap-tain, who

sol-dier of the Lord; With his sword in hand and his col-ors all fly-ing shell are fall-ing fast; If for God we fight where the bat-tle is rag-ing, leads a-gainst the foe; By His precious blood, by His word and His Spir-it

CHORUS.

He must charge on the foe in the strength of God. Take your place in the
 He has prom-ised to give us a crown at last.
 You shall win in the fight whereso-e'er you go.

In the line.

line, Soldiers of Israel's King, Fight while you pray and sing; Take your place in the
 the fighting line, in the line,

line, By God's own grace, here is your place, Out in the fight - ing line
 the fighting line, Out in the front, of the fighting line.

JENNIE E. HUSSEY.

FRED DEGEN.

1. There's a call for active work-ers for the Lord, There are those who
 2. You may find them in our homeland far and wide, You may find them
 3. When you hear the call to meet the reap-ers band, Will you read-y

nev - er heard His bless-ed word, Wheth-er near or far a-way in
 far a-cross the roll - ing tide, There are souls in ev -'ry land for
 be to join that ar - my grand, Har-vest fields are wait-ing, will-ing

sin they roam, Go in faith and win them for the har-vest home.
 whom He died, Go and tell them of a Sav-i-or cru - ci - fied.
 hands are few, Read - y be with sick - le when He calls for you.

Will you go and work for Him to - day, Go in - to the

har-vest field with-out de - lay, Will you go and la - bor while you

Harvest Fields are Waiting.

103

may? Go in - to the har - vest field, go right a - way.

My Password Through Heaven's Gate.

EVA BROOKS.

P. P. BILHORN.

1. When heav-en's shin-ing strand I reach And cross death's swelling flood,
2. Yes, Je - sus' blood doth cleanse and save, It cleans'd and made me whole;
3. And when I join the ransom'd band Where loved ones for me wait,
4. This song in heav'n my soul shall sing That Je - sus died for me,

Words and Music Copyright, 1907, by P. P. Bilhorn.

My pass-word thro' the gates shall be, I'm wash'd in the crim - son blood.
My pass-word thro' the gates shall be, He saved and He cleans'd my soul.
I'm saved thro' Je-sus' blood I'll sing And pass thro' the gold - en gate.
That thro' His precious blood I'm saved, My pass-word for aye shall be.

CHORUS.

Saved! Saved! Saved! I'm washed in the crim - son flood,
Saved, and washed in Je - sus blood!

My pass-word thro' the gates shall be I'm wash'd in the crim - son blood.

H. L. B.

H. L. BROOKS.

1. Filled with my sin to the Sav - ior I came, This pow - er has
 2. Changed all my grief to a heart full of song, And now I'm con-
 3. When thro' the por - tals of Glo - ry I've passed, I then shall be

changed me, all praise to His name; Grace all suf - fi - cient He
 fi - ding in Him all day long; Ten - der com - pas - sion and
 changed to His im - age at last; I shall be like Him in

gives me each day, Trust-ing I fol - low where He leads the way.
 love He has shown, Cleansed me and healed me and called me His own.
 beau - ty to shine, Ev - er to live in His pres - ence di - vine.

CHORUS.

Oh, what a change..... since He came to my heart,
 Oh, what a change won-der-ful change since He came in - to my heart,

Oh, what a change..... since He bade sin de - part,
 Oh, what a change, mar-vel-ous change since He bade all sin de - part,

Words and Music Copyright, 1906, by P. Wilh. P. Wilh. P.

International copyright.

Oh..... what a change..... Je-sus wrought in my soul,
Oh what a change glo-ri-ous change He wrought in my soul,

Oh..... what a change, since His blood makes me whole.....
Oh what a change, makes me whole.

Come, Great Deliverer, Come.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.

1. O bear my cry, be gra-cious now to me, Come, Great Deliv'rer, come;
 2. I have no place, no shel-ter from the night, Come, Great Deliv'rer, come;
 3. My path is lone, and wea - ry are my feet, Come, Great Deliv'rer, come;
 4. Thou wilt not spurn con-tri-tion's broken sigh, Come, Great Deliv'rer, come;

Copyright, 1903, by W. H. Doane, By per.

My soul bowed down is long - ing now for Thee, Come, Great Deliv'rer, come.
 One look, from Thee would give me life and light, Come, Great Deliv'rer, come.
 Mine eyes look up Thy lov - ing smile to meet, Come, Great Deliv'rer, come.
 Re - gard my prayer, and hear my humble cry, Come, Great Deliv'rer, come.

D. C. - O take me now and bring me to Thy fold, Come, Great Deliv'rer, come.
 REFRAIN.

D.S.

I've wandered far away o'er mountains cold, I've wandered far away from home.

JOHN R. CLEMENTS.

P. P. BILHORN.

1. Let us sing of the land where the pu-ri-fied dwell; That bright home that lies
 2. There no tears ev - er come to o'er shad - ow the eye, There no pain ev - er
 3. There's no care in that land, nor does night ev - er fall, There they know no re -
 4. There's a dwell-ing for you in the home of the soul, 'Tis a build - ing no

o - ver the sea, Of its beau - ty and grand - eur no mor - tal can
 sad - dens the heart, In that beau - ti - ful land nev - er falls a good
 strie - tion of time, There the Christ cast His man - tel of beau - ty o'er
 hand ev - er piled, Not a part of that man - sion is yours but the

CHORUS.

tell, And its joys are for you and for me.
 by, For the loved and the lov - ing ne'er part. Oh, it is won - der - ful
 all, There the joy bells of E - den e'er chime.

Whole, If you live and you love as God's child.

yes, it is won der - ful, Heav - en the home of the soul; Glo - rious - ly

won - der - ful, Mar - ve lous - ly won - der - ful, Heav - en the home of the soul.

God Calling Yet.

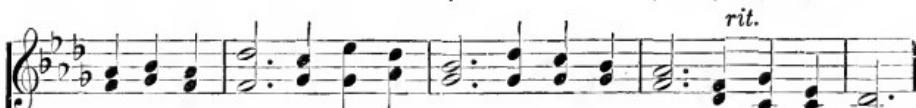
107

JANE BORTHWICK,

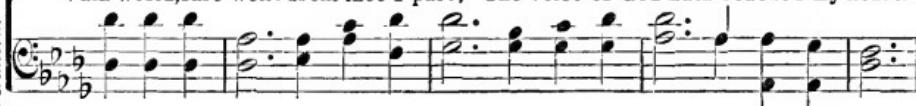
P. P. BILHORN,



1. God call-ing yet! shall I not hear? Earth's pleasures shall I still hold dear?
2. God call-ing yet! shall I not rise? Can I His lov-ing voice de-spise,
3. God call-ing yet! and shall He knock, And I my heart the clos-er lock?
4. God call-ing yet! I can-not stay; My heart I yield with-out de-lay:



Shall life's swift pass-ing years all fly, And still my soul in slum-bers lie?
And base-ly His kind care re-pay? He calls me still; can I de-lay?
He still is wait-ing to re-ceive, And shall I dare His Spir-it grieve?
Vain world,fare-well! from thee I part; The voice of God hath reached my heart.



CHORUS.



God call-ing yet! . . . shall I not hear? . . . Earth's pleasures

God call-ing yet!

Shall I not hear?



shall . . . I still hold dear? . . . Shall life's swift pass-ing years all
Earth's pleasures shall I still hold dear? Shall life's swift passing



fly, . . . And still my soul . . . in slum-bers lie? . . .
years all fly, And still my soul in slumbers lie!



JOSEPH GREGG.

GEO. L. WHITE.
Arr. by E. A. SPEAR.

1. Je-sus, and shall it ev-er be A mor-tal man a-shamed of Thee?
 2. A-shamed of Je-sus! Soon-er far May ev-ning blush to own a star;
 3. A-shamed of Je-sus! that dear Friend On whom my hopes of heav'n de-pend?
 4. A-shamed of Je-sus! Yes, I may, When I've no sins to wash a-way,
 5. Till then—nor is the boast-ing vain—Till then I boast a Sav-ior slain;

A-shamed of Him whom an-gels praise; Whose glories shine thro' end-less day.
 He sheds the beams of light di-vine O'er this be-night-ed soul of mine.
 No! when I blush, be this my shame, That I no more revere His name.
 No tears to wipe, no joys to crave, No fears to quell, no soul to save.
 And, O, may this my glo-ry be, That Christ is not a-shamed of me.

CHORUS.

We re-joice in our Sav-ior, And will stand by His cause, Make us wor-thy

Re-deem-er, To be bear-ing the cross; We will nev-er de-ny Thee, But pro-

claim Thy blest name, And with an-gels sing prais-es To give Je-sus more fame.

Love That Redeems.

109

LILLIAN BAKER BEEDDE.

P. P. BILHORN.

1. Oh, the won-der-ful Love, oh, the love that redeems, 'Tis the light from the
 2. It is shin-ing for you, it is shin-ing for me, It shines out from the
 3. It is won-der-ful how it will cleanse you from sin, Wash a-way ev-'ry

throne of His glo - ry that gleams Thro' the dark-ness of sin and the
 cross for the a - ges to see The re-demp - tion of man by the
 stain from with-out and with - in, It will heal ev - 'ry wound of the

gloom of des-pair, Shines His mer-cy and grace, joy and peace ev - 'ry-where.
 blood of the Son, And the won-der-ful love of the cru - ci - fied one.
 sin - strick-en soul, 'Tis a won-der-ful love, just ac-cept and be whole.

CHORUS.

Oh, the won-der-ful, won-der-ful love, Oh, the love that redeems you from sin;

Throw wide o - pen the doors of your heart, And let this wonderful love come in.

110 Lift Your Light a Little Higher.

Mrs. C. D. MARTIN.

W. STILLMAN MARTIN.

1. Lift your light a lit - tle high - er, there's a life to save, Let it
 2. Lift hour light a lit - tle high - er, do not hide its ray, You may
 3. Let the light from God's own pres-ence shine in - to your heart Then to

shine a lit - tle bright-er, o'er the storm-y wave; Some poor soul for help is
 be a bea-con light a long the rock-y way; By a lit - tle care and
 those who live in darkness light you may im - part; Burn-ing "oil of joy and

cry-ing, In the sea of sin is dy-ing, Lift your light a lit - tle
 la - bor, You may save a friend or neighbor, Lift your light a lit - tle
 gladness," You may help dis - pel life's sad-ness, Lift your light a lit - tle

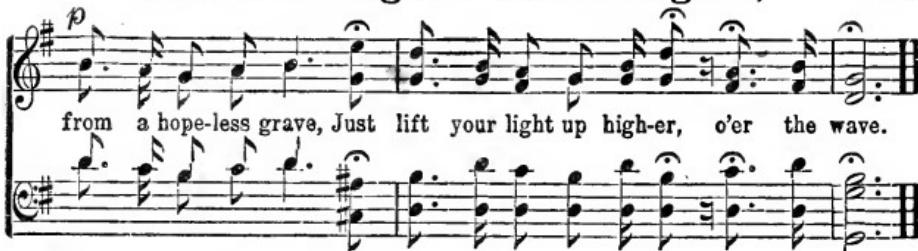
CHORUS.

high-er o'er the wave Lift your light a lit - tle high - er, Keep it bright;
 Keep it shining bright;

Some-one lost and sink-ing, looks to you for light; You a life may save,

Lift Your Light a Little Higher,

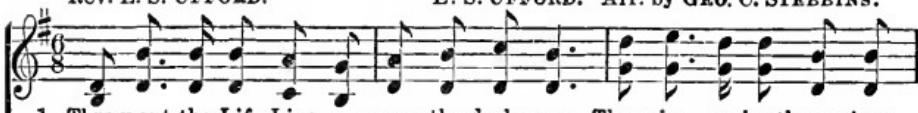
III



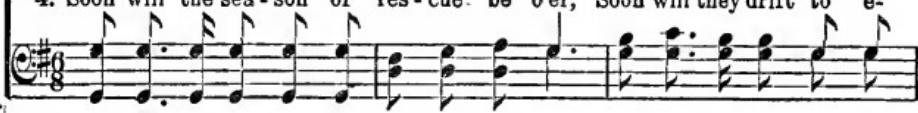
Throw Out the Life-Line.

Rev. E. S. UFFORD.

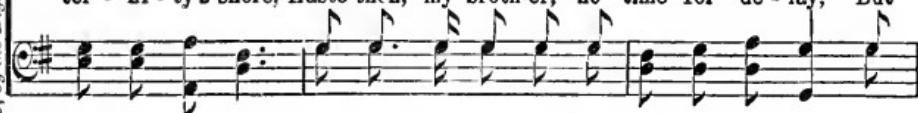
E. S. UFFORD. ARR. by GEO. C. STREBBINS.



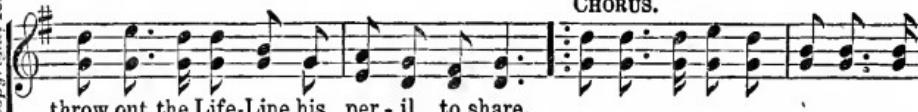
1. Throw out the Life-Line a-cross the dark wave, There is a brother whom
2. Throw out the Life-Line with hand quick and strong, Why do you tar - ry, why
3. Throw out the Life-Line to dan-ger-fraught men, Sink-ing in an-guish where
4. Soon will the sea - son of res-cue be o'er, Soon will they drift to e-



some one should save; Some-bod - y's broth-er! oh, who then will dare To
lin - ger so long? See! he is sink-ing; oh, hast - en to - day—And
you've new - er been; Winds of temp-ta - tion and bil - lows of woe Will
ter - ni - ty's shore, Haste then, my broth-er, no time for de - lay, But



CHORUS.



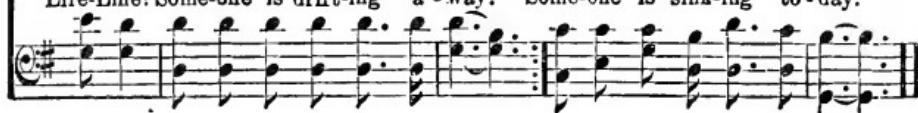
throw out the Life-Line, his per - il to share.

out with the Life-Boat a - way, then, a-way! Throw out the Life-Line, Throw out the
soon hurl them out where the dark waters flow.

throw out the Life-Line and save them today.



1 2
Life-Line! Some-one is drift-ing a - way! Some-one is sink-ing to - day.



112 Take Jesus Wherever You Go.

ADA BLENKHORN.

P. P. BILHORN.

1. Some - times the dark clouds will o'er-sha - dow the blue, While jour - ney - ing
 2. Sad eyes used to weep - ing will smile once a - gain, No long - er o'er
 3. A smile, a kind word, or a beau - ti - ful deed, On oth - ers you
 4. From seed that is sown in a spir - it of love, A har - vest of

on-ward be - low, But, as His ex - am - ple you dai - ly pur - sue, Take
 burdened with woe, To heal bro - ken hearts and to ban - ish their pain, Take
 oft may be - stow, And as He doth rich - ly sup - ply all your need, Take
 blessing will grow, To gar - ner rich sheaves for the home up a - bove, Take

CHORUS.

Je - sus wher - ev - er you go.
 Je - sus wher - ev - er you go. Take Je - sus wher - ev - er
 Je - sus wher - ev - er you go.
 Je - sus wher - ev - er you go.

you go While jour - ney - ing on-ward be - low O, let your glad
 Wher - ev - er you go.

heart with his love o - ver - flow, Take Je - sus wher - ev - er you go

Words and Music Copyright, 1905, by P. P. Bilhorn.

International Copyright.

JAMES ROWE.

J. E. DELMAR TER.



1. There is a cleansing, heal-ing tide, Whose flow se - rene and deep and wide,
2. There is a place where sinners may, Win free-dom from the tempter's sway
3. There is a ref - uge where may rest, The worn, the wea - ry and op-press'd,
4. There is a coun - try far a - way, A land of nev - er end - ing day,



Makes guilt-y sin - ners pure and fair; O bless - ed Sav-iour, guide me there.
 And lose the bur-dens that they wear, O bless - ed Sav-iour, guide me there.
 Se - cure from doubt and fear and care; O bless - ed Sav-iour, guide me there.
 Where life is bliss be-yond com-pare; O bless - ed Sav iour, guide me there.



CHORUS.

cres.



Guide me there, guide me there, Leave me not in my de-spair,
 Guide me there, guide me there, Leave me not,



My heart my all I give to thee; There bless-ed Sav-iour guide me there.



Softly and Tenderly.

W. L. T.

WILL L. THOMPSON.



1. Soft - ly and ten-der-ly Je - sus is call - ing, Call-ing for you and for me,
2. Why should we tar - ry when Je - sus is pleading, Pleading for you and for me?
3. Time is now fleeting, the moments are passing, Passing from you and from me;
4. Oh! for the wonderful love He has promised, Promised for you and for me;



See on the portals He's waiting and watching, Watching for you and for me.
 Why should we linger and heed not His mercies, Mercies for you and for me.
 Shadows are gathering, death beds are coming, Coming for you and for me.
 Tho' we have sinn'd, He has mercy and pardon, Pardon for you and for me.



By per. Will L. Thompson & Co., E. Liverpool, O., and The Thompson Music Co., Chicago, Ill.

CHORUS.



Come home, come home, Ye who are weary, come home,
 Come home, come home,



Ear-nest-ly, ten-der-ly Je - sus is call-ing, Call-ing, O sin-ner, come home!



Fullness of Power.

115

JOHN R. CLEMENTS.
DUET. *For all voices.*

P. P. BILHORN.

1. Je - sus is wait - ing to give you to - day Full-ness of pow'r,
 2. Ma - ny, so ma - ny, have nev - er re - ceived Full-ness of pow'r,
 3. Ask for thy la - bors to res - cue the lost, Full-ness of pow'r,
 4. Low let us bow as we ask God to give Full-ness of pow'r,

Full-ness of pow'r; Wait - ing to send you equipped on your way,
 Full-ness of pow'r; Nev - er have pray'd for it since they be - lieved,
 Full-ness of pow'r; Would you suc - ceed? Then you must pay the cost,
 Full-ness of pow'r; As its pos - ses - sors for Him let us live,

CHORUS.

Wait - ing to fill you this hour. Full - ness of Pow - er,
 Tho' 'tis their heav-en - ly dower. Full - ness of Pow - er,
 For heav-en's boun-ti - ful shower. Clothed with the fullness of pow'r. Full - ness of pow'r, full-ness of pow'r,

Full - ness this hour, You may re - joice, Full - ness this hour, You may re - joice,
 Full - ness this hour, You may re - joice, Full - ness this hour, You may re - joice,

re - joice in the full - ness of pow - er to - day. yon may re - joice in the full - ness of pow - er to - day.

Selected.

E. A. SPEAR.

1. God has His best things for the few Who dare to stand the test;
 2. There's scarcely one but vague - ly longs In some way to be best;
 3. I want in this short life of mine As much as can be pressed,
 4. I want a - mong the vic - tor throng To have my name con - fessed;

God has a sec - ond choice for those Who will not have His best.
 'Tis not a bless-ing, Lord, I seek; I want Thy ver - y best.
 Of serv-ice true to God and man; Help me to be my best.
 And hear my Mas - ter say at last "Well done, you did your best."

It is not al - ways o - pen ill That risks the prom-ised rest,
 And oth - ers make the high - est choice, But when by tri - als pressed
 I want to stand when Christ ap-pears in spot - less rai - ment drest,
 Give me, O Lord, Thy high - est choice, Let oth - ers take the rest—

The bet - ter oft - en is the foe That keeps us from the best.
 They shrink, they yield, they shun the cross, And so they lose the best.
 Num-bered a - mong His bid - den ones, His ho - li - est and best.
 Their good things have no charm for me For I have found the best.

God's Best.

117

Will you be God's best? Will you stand the test? Will you follow at God's call?
Will you be God's best? Will you stand the test?

He will lead a - right, For He is the light! He will never let you fall.
He will lead aright, For He is the light,

Blessed Holy Spirit.

P. P. BILHORN.
DUET.

FERD. DEGEN.

1. Won - drous gift, of God to earth, Bless - ed Ho - ly Spir - it,
2. Hear my cry, Thou Light di - vine, Lead me to the Sav - ior;
3. Be my wis - dom, thro' me speak, Give me strength and pow - er;
4. Teach me right-eous - ness with - in, Thou who art so ho - ly,

May my soul of Thee have birth, Bless - ed Ho - ly Spir - it.
O'er my dark - ened path - way shine, Guid - ing me for - ev - er.
Give me grace to du - ty meet, In the try - ing hour.
Keep my heart from ev - 'ry sin, Show me Je - sus on - ly.

{ Fill me with Thy light divine, Blessed Ho - ly Spir - it.
{ Let Thy likeness in me shine, (Omit) Blessed Ho - ly Spir - it.

118 Showers of Sunshine and Rain.

J. W. BURGES.

P. P. BILHORN.



1. The sow-er goes forth in the morning And scat-ters the bright golden grain,
2. Each one of us should be a sow - er, And scat-ter good seed by the way,
3. Some good seed may fall by the way-side Neg-lec - ted, for-got - ten, re-main,
4. But much of the seed falls in good ground And then with God's sunshine and rain;



But nev - er can reap a - ny har-vest, 'Till God sends the sunshine and rain.
And then for the rain and the sun-shine, Be - liev - ing and fer-vent - ly pray.
And there, may give food to the stran-ger If God send the sun-shine and rain.
It sure - ly will yield to the sow - er A boun - ti-ful har-vest of grain.



CHORUS. Cheerful.



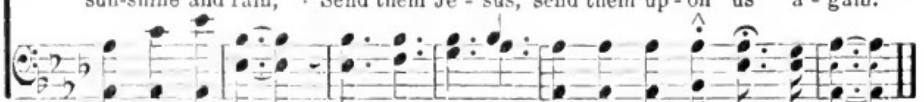
Send the show - ers, showers of sun-shine and rain, Send the show - ers,



show-ers re - viv - ing a - gain, Send the show - ers show-ers of
Rit.



sun-shine and rain, . Send them Je - sus, send them up - on us a - gain.



^ Stands for half hold.

My Gracious Redeemer.

119

F. E. L.

F. E. LINDGREN.

1. My gra-cious Re-deem-er my soul looks to Thee,
2. I see Thee on Cal-v'ry, my sins Thou didst bear
3. I see Thee as-cend-ing to yon-der fair shore,
4. My pil-grim-age o-ver, my work here com-plete

Sin long has en-
That I in Thy
Thy Spir-it now
I'll meet Thee in

snared me, I yearn to be free; My all I sur-ren- der
king-dom Thy glo-ry might share; From Thee, O my Sav-iор,
fills me, Thy prom-ise is sure, I love Thee, my Mas-ter,
glo-ry where rest is so sweet; There'll be no more sor-row,

Thy will shall be mine, For Thee, O my Sav-iор, all sin I re-sign.
I can-not re-treat, I bow in con-tri-tion; I fall at Thy feet.
Thy call I'll o-bey, I'll tell the glad ti-dings to those gone a-stray.
nor weep-ing nor pain, But songs of re-joic-ing of Him who was slain.

CHORUS. *Joyful.*

I'm hap-py in Thee, blessed Je-sus, Thy peace is now flood-ing my soul;

I'll sing, yea, I'll sing joyful prais-es While e-ter-ni-ty's a-ges roll.
a-ges roll.

120 Tell Him You are Coming Home.

JAMES ROWE.

P. P. BILHORN.

1. If you are sad and wea - ry and bur - dened down with care And
 2. The Sav - ior loves you dear - ly, and longs your soul to win, His
 3. He of - fers you for - give - ness, and peace, and joy, and rest, He

feel that you have wandered from the right; Tho' all your life seems drear-y, Your
 precious love would make your burden light; Heed now His ten-der plead-ing, And
 wants to make your pathway fair and bright, His lov - ing arms are o - pen To

load seems hard to bear, Just tell Him you are com - ing home to - night.
 turn a - way from sin, Just tell Him you are com - ing home to - night.
 fold you to His breast Oh, tell Him you are com - ing home to - night.

CHORUS.

Just tell Him you are com - ing home to - night, Just tell Him

you are com - ing home to - night; If, wea - ry and dis - trest, You

Words and Music, Copyright, 1907, by P. P. Bilhorn.

Tell Him You are Coming Home.

121

long for peace and rest, Just tell Him you are com-ing home to-night.

God's Love so Full and Free.

FRANCIS R. HAVERGAL.

W. S. WEEDEN.

1. I know I love Thee bet-ter, Lord, Than an - y earth-ly joy!
 2. I know that Thou art near-er still, Than an - y earth-ly throng;
 3. Thou hast put glad-ness in my heart; Then well may I be glad!
 4. O Sav - ior pre - cious Sav - ior, mine! What will thy pres - ence be,

For Thou hast giv-en me the peace Which noth - ing can de - stroy.
 And sweet - er is the tho't of Thee Than an - y love - ly song.
 With - out the se - cret of Thy love I could not but be sad.
 If such a life of joy can crown My walk on earth with Thee.

CHORUS.

The half has nev - er yet been told, Of love so full and free!
 yet been told. full and free!

The half has nev - er yet been told, The blood, it cleanseth me!
 yet been told. cleansest me!

122 To-day if Ye Will Hear His Voice.

P. P. B.

P. P. BILHORN.



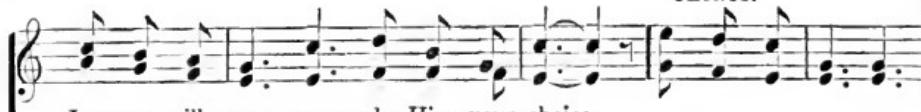
1. To - day the Sav - ior call - eth for thee, To - day His love and
 2. To - day O doubt - ing sin - ner be - lieve, To - day why long - er
 3. To - day O wan - d'ring sin - ner come home, To - day why will ye



mer - cy are free, To - day if ye will hear His sweet voice
 God's Spir-it grieve, To - day why will ye ev - er de - spise
 still farth-er roam, To - day why will ye hard - en your heart



CHORUS.



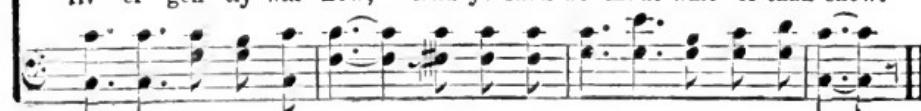
Je - sus will save you make Him your choice.
 Choose now His love, O broth - er be wise. To - day if ye will
 Bid-ding His grace and mer - cy de - part.



hear His sweet voice, To-day if ye will make Him your choice Peace like a



riv - er gen - tly will flow, And ye shall be made whit - er than snow.



FLORA KIRKLAND.

W. S. WEEDEN.



Copyright, 1898, by W. S. Weeden. P. P. Bilhorn, owner.

CHORUS.



Soldiers in the Army.

Rev. J. McPHAIL.

M. L. McPHAIL.

1. Sol-diers in the ar-my Of the Lord, our King, Help a-long the triumph,
 2. Sol-diers in the ar-my, Led by Christ, the Lord, On to cer-tain conquest
 3. Sol-diers in the ar-my, To the cause be true, In this day of bat-tle,
 4. Sol-diers in the ar-my, Nev-er leave your post, Till the Cap-tain bids you

All your forc-es bring; Move in sol-id col-umn, Strike the pow'r of sin:
 On to great re-ward; Raise a-loft the ban-ner, That the world may know
 There is much to do; God will crown with hon-or, Ev'-ry roy-al heart;
 Join the ransom'd host; Then with shouts of tri-umph To their ranks as-cend,

CHORUS.

Strong, u-ni-ted ef-fort, Shall the vic-t'ry win. Sol-di-ers in the
 We are bound to con-quer, And sub-due the foe. Sol-di-ers in the
 Ral-ly, sol-diers, ral-ly. Do a no-ble part. Sol-di-ers in the ar-my.
 Swell with them the cho-rus, That shall nev-er end. Sol-di-ers in the ar-my.

ar-my, Strike with all your might, Strike with all your might; In
 soldiers in the ar-my, In the name of

rit.

the name of Je-sus, Strike, and put the foo to flight. to flight.
 Je-sus, In the name of Je-sus,

Words and Music, Copyright, 1895, by T. P. Johnson.

The Hero of the Cross.

125

JAMES ROWE.

P. P. BILHORN.

1. With our ban - ners wav - ing proud - ly in the light, Hearts with cour-age
 2. Foes will fail to harm us, Je - sus is our shield; Tho' be long the
 3. Brave-ly we will bat - tle, that our souls may share In the fade-less

beat - ing, ar - mor shin - ing bright, We are march-ing on - ward -
 bat - tle, we shall nev - er yield; Strong in faith and cour - age,
 glo - ry, crowns e - ter - nal wear, And thro' end - less a - ges,

go - ing forth to fight For the He - ro of the cross.
 we will take the field For the He - ro of the cross.
 in His pres-ence fair, Praise the He - ro of the cross.

CHORUS.

On to glo - ry! on to glo - ry! We shall nev - er suf - fer loss,

We will fight, fight, fight, till death, with all our might, For the He-ro of the cross.

J. W. VAN DEVENTER.

TALLIE MORGAN.

1. A - rouse! ye Christian sol - diers, And sound the bat - tle cry, Fall in - to
 2. A - rouse! ye Christian sol - diers, The bat - tle must be won; Why stand ye
 3. A - rouse! ye Christian sol - diers, The day will soon be past; The shades of

Cres.

line for du - ty, And lift the ban - ner high. In Je - sus' name we'll
 i - dle, wait - ing? The strng - gle is be - gun. We must not wait nor
 night are fall - ing, Our sun is sink - ing fast. To arms! go forth to

tri - umph, In Him who leads the way; He calls for us to fol - low,
 fal - ter, But charge and charge a - gain, Till ev - 'ry foe is van - quished,
 con - quer; O - bey the Lord's com - mand, And take the gos - pel mes - sage

CHORUS.

And we dare not dis - o - bey.
 And the Lord, our God, doth reign. A - rouse! ye sol - diers, Go forth to

To the lost of ev - 'ry land.

Arouse!

vic - to - ry: The world of sin must be re-deemed, The na-tions must be free.

Jesus is Calling.

127

FANNY J. CROSBY.

GEORGE C. STEBBINS.



1. Je - sus is ten-der - ly call-ing thee home—Calling to-day, call-ing to-day;
2. Je - sus is call-ing the wea - ry to rest— Calling to-day, call-ing to-day;
3. Je - sus is wait-ing, oh, come to Him now—Waiting to-day, wait-ing to-day;
4. Je - sus is plead-ing, oh, list to His voice—Hear Him to-day, hear Him to-day;



Why from the sun-shine of love wilt thou roam Far-ther and far-ther a - way?
Bring Him thy bur-den, and thou shalt be blest; He will not turn thee a - way.
Come with thy sins, at His feet low - ly bow; Come, and no long - er de - lay.
They who be-lieve on His name shall re-joice; Quick-ly a - rise and a - way.



CHORUS.



Call - ing to - day! . . . Call - ing to - day! . . .
Call - ing, call - ing to - day, to - day! Call - ing, call - ing to - day, to - day!



Je - sus is call - ing, is ten - der-ly call-ing to - day.
Je - sus is ten - der-ly call-ing to - day,



P. P. B.

P. P. BILHORN.

1. Some day when my toil-ing and tri-als are o'er, Some day when my
 2. Some day in the fu-ture, it will not be long, Some day with the
 3. Some day, Oh, what rap-ture I then shall be - hold, Some day when the
 4. Some day in His pres-ence a crown I shall wear, Some day match-less

wea-ry feet rest on the shore, Some day when the King in His
 loved ones, I'll sing the new song; Some day when the face of my
 sto - ry a - new shall be told; Some day when my soul from its
 beau-ty and grand-eur I'll share; Some day with the ransomed trans-

beau-ty I see, That will be glo-ry, yes, glo-ry for me.
 Lord I shall see, That will be glo-ry, yes, glo-ry for me.
 bond-age is free, That will be glo-ry, yes, glo-ry for me.
 formed I shall be, That will be glo-ry, yes, glo-ry for me.

CHORUS.

eres.

Glo - ry for me, Glo - ry for me, There will be
 you and me, you and me,

glo - ry in heav-en for me; Glo - ry for me,
 you and me; you and me.

Glory for You and Me.

129

rit. - - - - - *cres. rit.* - - - - ^

Glo - ry for me, Won - der - ful glo - ry, in heav - en for me.



What Wilt Thou Have Me to Do?

B A. R.

P. P. BILHORN.

1. Lord, Thou hast granted sal - va - tion to me, What wilt Thou have me to do?
 2. Since I am saved by the Cru - ci - fied One, What wilt Thou have me to do?
 3. Par - don is granted thro' HIm who hath died, What wilt Thou have me to do?
 4. Read - y and will-ing Thy voice to o - obey, What wilt Thou have me to do?

Words and Music. Copyright, 1898, by P. P. Bilhorn.

From Sa-tan's bond-age at last I am free, What wilt Thou have me to do?
 I would point oth-ers to God's on - ly Son, What wilt Thou have me to do?
 I am so hap py with Thee at my side, What wilt Thou have me to do?
 Bid me to follow Thee day un - to day, What wilt Thou have me to do?

REFRAIN. *Faster.*

rit.

What wilt Thou have me to do? Where wilt Thou have me to go?

Je - sus, my Master, Thy will shall be mine, What wilt Thou have me to do?

H. L. B.

HARRY L. BROOKS.

1. In this low land of sor-row is Je-sus your guide, Are you
 2. In His word He has prom-ised to us He would cleave, If we
 3. There'll be tri-als and sor-rows that we can - not know, But if

trust-ing Him ev-er, is He by your side? In the sun-shine or
 stead-fast-ly fol-low and in Him be-lieve; Ev'-ry con-flict will
 liv-ing in faith, with Him on-ward we'll go, To the home He has

shad-ow, on land or on sea, Are you faith-ful-ly striv-ing His
 strengthen and cour-age im-part, If we faith-ful-ly, man-ful-ly,
 prom-ised where end-eth all strife, And re-ceive from Him yon-der the

CHORUS. *eres.*

fol-low'r to be.
 do our own part. Are you one of the true and the tried? In His

bright crown of life. true and tried?

love do you ful-ly a-bide? (a-bide)? Then walk with-out fear, for He'll

The True and the Tried.

131

al - ways be near If you're one of the true and the tried...
true and the tried.

Marching.

H. L. B.

H. L. BROOKS.

1. Ye sol-diers of the liv - ing God march on, March in bright ar - ray,
 2. Stand firm a - mid the bat - tle's fierc-est din, Ne'er give up the fight
 3. And when the bat - tle's o'er and vict'ry's won, Earth-ly warfare past,

With shield and buck-ler firm - ly gird-ed on, Press on - ward to the fray,
 With Christ your Captain, you will sure-ly win, His cause is just and right,
 How sweet 'twill be to hear the words, Welldone And en - terrest at last,

Let faith and pray'r your watchword be, Nor lay your ar - mor down,
 Ne'er blush to own His ho - ly name Who pur - chased life for thee,
 To dwell for-ev - er with the blest On Ca - naan's hap - py shore,

Un - til the pearl-y gates you see, And you re - ceive a crown.
 And fol - low with the no - ble train To all E - ter - ni - ty.
 Thro' grace to wear the promised crown With Christ for - ev - er - more.

The Fight Is On.

Mrs. C. H. M.

Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.

1. The fight is on, the trum-pet sound is ring-ing out, The cry "To
 2. The fight is on, A -rouse, ye sol-diers brave and true! Je - ho - vah
 3. The Lord is lead-ing on to cer-tain vic-to-ry; The bow of

armis!" is heard a-far and near; The Lord of hosts is march-ing
 leads, and vic-t'ry will as-sure; Go, buck-le on the ar-mor
 prom-ise spans the east-ern sky; His glo-rious name in ev-ry

on to vic-to-ry, The tri-umph of the Christ will soon ap-pear.
 God has giv-en you, And in His strength un-to the end en-dure.
 land shall hon-ored be; The morn will break, the dawn of peace is nigh.

CHORUS. Unison,

The fight is on, O Chris-tian sol-dier, And face to face in stern ar-
 ray, . . . With ar-mor gleam-ing, and col-ors stream-ing, The right and

The Fight is On.

133

Harmony.

wrong en - gage to - day!

The fight is on, but be not

wea - ry; Be strong and in His might hold fast; If God be

for us, His banner o'er us, We'll sing the vic - tor's song at last!

vic - t'ry! vic - t'ry!

Stand Up for Jesus.

G. DUFFIELD.

G. J. WEBB.
FINE.

1. Stand up!—stand up for Je - sus! Ye sol-diers of the cross;

Lift high the roy - al ban - ner, It must not (Omit) suf - fer loss;

D. S.—Till ev - 'ry foe is vanquished, And Christ is (Omit) Lord in-deed.

From vic - t'ry un - to vic - t'ry His arm - y shall He lead,

2 Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!
Stand in His strength alone,
The arm of flesh will fail you—
Ye dare not trust your own:
Put on the gospel armor,
And, watching unto prayer,
Where duty calls or danger,
Be never wanting there.

3 Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next, the victor's song,
To him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of glory
Shall reign eternally!

JENNIE E. HUSSEY.

P. P. BILHORN.

1. For the blessings all unnumbered Thou hast showered at our feet, For the
 2. For the way which Thou hast led us Out of darkness in - to light, For the
 3. May our lives re - flect - ing heav-en To the souls that know not God, Like a

flowers in our path-way, And the rest-ing places sweet; For the palms and
 radiant bow of prem -ise Af - ter clouds of deepest night; For new strength to
 ben - e-dic - tiou giv - en Point them to redemption blood; That we all in

- wells re-fresh - ing Aft - er heat - ed des - ort sand, And the great rock's blessed
 bear our cross - es Pa - tient - ly and hum -ble too, For the friends who walk be -
 Thy great glo - ry With the hosts redeemed above, Sing and tell the joy - ful

CHORUS.

shad-ow Cast up - on a wea - ry land.—

side us Friends with loving hearts and true.—For ev - 'ry good . . . and per - fect
 sto - ry Of our Sav -ior's dy - ing love.

Ev - 'ry good

gift . . . that com-eth from a - bove, that cometh from a - bove we ren - der
 per - fect gift.

prais - - es un - to Thee, . . . Oh, blessed Lord of light and love.
ren - der prais - es un - to, un - to Thee,

Forth to the Fight.

T. W. RAMM.

P. P. BILHORN.

1. Forth to the fight ye ransomed, Might - y in God's own might,
2. Fear not the din of bat - tle, Fel - low where He has trod,
3. Are ye a - gainst the bat - tle, Watchye in faith and pray,
4. Fight for the Lord is o'er you, Fight for He bids you fight,

Stem-ming the tide of bat - tle, Rout - ing the hosts of night.
Per - fect - ing strength in weak - ness, Je - sus, in - car - nate God.
Peace shall suc - ceed the war - fare, Night shall be changed to day.
There where the fray is thick - est Close with the hosts of night.

CHORUS.

Lift ye the blood red ban - ner, Wield ye the vic - tor's sword,

Raise ye the Chris-tian's standard "The cross of our Christ and Lord."

Mrs. C. H. M.

Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.

1. Read the times with keen dis - cer - ning, Oh, ye ser - vants of the Lord;
2. Note the earth al - read - y quak - ing, Neath our King's on com-ing tread;
3. Sud - den - ly and with - out warn - ing He shall in the clouds ap - pear,
4. He his chos-en bride shall gath - er, When He comes to earth a - gain;

See the signs of Christ's re - turn - ing, As is prom-ised in His word.
 Soon His voice the si - lence break - ing Shall a - wake the sleep - ing dead.
 And the great mil - len-nial morn - ing Of His pow'r is al - most here.
 To the bo - som of the Fa - ther, Ev - er - more with Him to reign.

CHORUS.

If He should come . . . to-night, if He should come . . . to-night

If He should come to-night, if He should come to-night,

Would He find us watching, waiting with our lamps all trimm'd and bright? If He should

come . . . to - night, if He should come . . . to - night

If He should come to - night, if He should come to - night,

If He Should Come Tonight.

137

Would He find us watch-ing, wait-ing, If the Lord should come to-night?

My Soul Sings Hallelujah!

P. P. B.

P. P. BILHORN.

1. Since Je-sus wash'd my sins a-way, My soul sings Hal-le-lu-jah!
 2. Since pardon, peace and pow'r I've found My soul sings Hal-le-lu-jah!
 3. From morn 'til night the Lord's my light My soul sings Hal-le-lu-jah!
 4. So on I press with ho-ly tho't, My soul sings Hal-le-lu-jah!

A-bid-ing in Him all the day, My soul sings Hal-le-lu-jah!
 I'm liv-ing now on high-er ground My soul sings Hal-le-lu-jah!
 For Him I'll live for Him I'll fight My soul sings Hal-le-lu-jah!
 Since Christ for me re-demp-tion wrought My soul sings Hal-le-lu-jah!

CHORUS.

My souls sings Hal-le-lu-jah! Glo-ry Hal-le-lu-jah!

My soul sings Hal-le-lu-jah! All glo-ry to His name.

What Will Ye Bind?

P. P. BILHORN.

P. P. B.
Duet or unison Duet.

1. Pil-grims of earth, as ye sow ye shall reap, And the grains of your
2. Short is the time ere the fading of light— It is morn-ing and
3. Should'st thou look back at the fields of thy love, From the death dark be-



sow-ing will grow as ye sleep; Look o-ver the fields which your
noon, it is even-ing and night, Then, what of the har-vest, and
low or the life light a-bove, Would all of thy sow-ing of



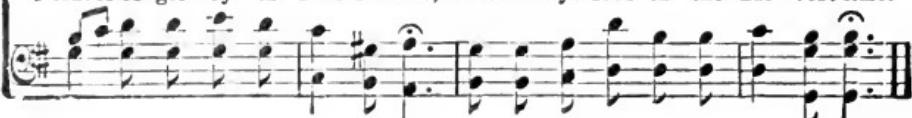
toil-ings have trod—Have ye sown for your-selves, or the glo-ry of God?
how wilt thou come, With the tares or the wheat to the Har-vest-er's home?
seed be the same? Oh, the seed-time and har-vest are com-ing a-gain.

CHORUS. *Cheerful.*

What will ye bind in the har-vest time—Grain of sor-row in sheaves of crime,



Sheaves of glo-ry in bliss sublime, Which will ye bind in the har-vest time?



The Spirit is Pleading.

139

E. E. HEWITT.

F. DEGEN.

1. The Spir-it is gen - tly plead-ing, O sin - ner, come to - day; Since all things are
 2. Like dew on the droop-ing blos-som, The "still, small voice" of love: It of - fers the
 3. Let Je-sus, the might-y Sav - ior, Your in - most will con - trol; Come, trust-ing His
 4. The Spir-it is gen - tly plead-ing, O sin - ner, heed His voice! Come hum-bly to

Words and Music Copyright, 1901, by P. P. Billhorn.

CHORUS.

S.
read - y, wait - ing, The mes-sage of mer-cy o - bey.
"great sal - va - tion," A place in the kingdom a - bove. The Spir - - it is
in - vi - ta - tion, And peace, like a riv - er, shall roll.
Cal-v'ry's fountain, In Je - sus your heart shall rejoice. The Spir-it is pleading, O

D. S.—The Spir - it is plead-ing for you.

D. S.

plead-ing, So ten - - der-ly plead-ing, For you in-ter-ced - ing,
hear Him, He's ten-der - ly pleading, O hear Him, For you in - ter-ced-ing, O hear Him,

EL NATHAN.

Why Not Now?

C. C. CASE.

1. While we pray and while we plead, While you see your soul's deep need,
 2. You have wan-dered far a - way; Do not risk an - oth - er day;
 3. In the world you've failed to find Aught of peace for troub - led mind;
 4. Come to Christ, con - fes - sion make; Come to Christ, and par - don take;

While our Fa - ther calls you home, Will you not, my broth - er, come?
 Do not turn from God your face, But to - day ac - cept His grace.
 Come to Christ, on Him be - lieve, Peace and joy you shall re - ceive.
 Trust in Him from day to day, He will keep you all the way.

CHORUS.

Why not now? why not now? Why not come to Je-sus now? sus now?
 Why not now? why not now?

Copyright, 1891, by C. C. Case. Used by per.

I Know He is Mine.

P. P. BILHORN.

P. P. B.

1. My heart was not right In my dear Savior's sight, I knew not the peace all sub-lime;
 2. My soul was distrest, With its sorrow oppress'd, Till Je-sus, my Sav-i-or I found,
 3. I walk in the light Of His presence so bright, His love makes my heaven below,
 4. And there ev-er-more I'll my Sav-i-or a-dore, Give praise to His pow-er di-vine,

midnight, 1896, by P. P. Bilhorn.

I came to His side, And His blood was applied, Hal-le-lu-jah, I know He is mine!
 But now He's my theme, While His word keeps me clean; Hallelujah, His grace doth abound!
 I'll sing of His grace Till I see His dear face, With the dear ones washed whiter than snow.
 I'll fall at His feet And the sto-ry re-peat, Hal-le-lu-jah, I know He is mine!

CHORUS.

midnight, 1896, by P. P. Bilhorn.

I know . . . He is mine, . . . Yes, I know . . . He is mine; . . .
 Je-sus is mine, yes, He is mine, Je-sus is mine, yes, He is mine;
 I'll doubt . . . Him no long - er, I know . . . He is mine.
 Doubt Him no more, doubt Him no long-er, I know the dear Sav-i-or is mine.

Do Not Pass Me By.

Dr. M. H. STEPHENS.

P. P. BILHORN.

1. { Do not pass me by, dear Savior, Tho' so full of sin I am;
 Tremblingly I seek Thy fa-
 2. { Lord, the sins of all my life-time Now to Thee do I con-fess,
 Turn-ing from the guilt that was
 3. { Do not pass me by, dear Sav-i-or, Pu-ri - fy me, Lord, I cry;
 O forgive me, keep me, save
 4. { Now He is my Lord and Sav-i-or, For He did not pass me by;
 In His love so wondrous ten-

Copyright, 1896, by P. P. Bilhorn.

vor, Help me, O Thou
 mine, To Thy lov-ing
 me, Help me, do not
 der, He has heard my

CHORUS.

bleeding Lamb. { Je - sus, Sav - ior, In my need to Thee I cry, }
 ten-der-ness. { Je - sus, Sav - ior, Bless me, do } not pass me by.
 pass me by! Jesus, Savior, Jesus, Savior,
 hum-ble cry.

Cast All Your Care Upon Him.

141

The "Lanan."

P. P. BILHORN.

1. Oh, why do you car - ry your bur - den a - lone, That bur - den of sor -
(Since Je - sus is say - ing in ten - der - est tone, Your -
2. Go tell Him your trouble, He'll give you re - lief, If on Him you'll on -
To cries of His chil - dren He'll nev - er be deaf, If
3. If sick - ness dis - tress you, or pain, He will heal, Or else give you strength
To Je - sus who suffered, then fer - vent - ly kneel, And
4. Then go to Him al - ways, what - ev - er he - fall, Of sick - ness or sor -
Tell Je - sus your trouble, and tell to Him all, And

row and care? self and your bur - den I'll bear.
ly de - pend; on - ly in faith they as - cend. Come, cast all thy care on Je -
to en - dure, trust - ing - ly ask Him to cure. Come, cast all thy care up - on
row or sin; then let your prais - es be - gin.

CHORUS.

sus, O wea - ry and trou - bled soul; Him He wants not a part but the whole.

W. P. FIFE.

P. P. BILHORN.

1. How swift - ly the years of our pil - grim - age fly, As weeks, months and seasons roll
Our days are soon numbered, and
2. The righteous and wicked move swift - ly a - long, In crowds to the grave both the
The good rise to heaven, the
3. To you, fel - low Christians, we turn with delight, The grave cannot harm you your
Be faith - ful and humble, temp -
4. Farewell, fellow sinners, we're free from your blood, Our mes - sage de - liv - ered, we
We've plead and entreated, but

silently by; death sounds our knell, We scarce know our friends till we bid them farewell.
old and the young; bad sink to hell, They take on life's verge an e - ter - nal farewell.
fu - ture is bright; ta - tions re - pel, You'll soon leave this world with a smiling farewell.
leave you with God; can - not com - pel; Till judgment day cometh, we bid you farewell.

D. S. — Till judgment day com - eth we bid you fare - well.

CHORUS.

Fare - well. . . . fare - well, We've plead and en - treat - ed, but cannot compel;
We bid you farewell, we bid you farewell, After repeat D. S. to Fine.

I Love to Tell the Story.

CATHARINE HANKEY.

WILLIAM G. FISCHER.

1. I love to tell the sto - ry, Of unseen things a-bove, Of Je-sus and His glo - ry,
 2. I love to tell the sto - ry, More wonde-ful it seems Than all the gold-en fan-cies
 3. I love to tell the sto - ry, For those who know it best Seem hungering and thirsting

Of Je-sus and His love. I love to tell the sto - ry, Because I know 'tis true,
 Of all our golden dreams. I love to tell the sto - ry, It did so much for me;
 To hear it like the rest; And when in scenes of glo - ry, I sing the new, new song,

CHORUS.

It sat - is-fies my long-ing As nothing else can do.
 And that is just the rea-son I tell it now to thee. I love to tell the sto - ry,
 'Twill be the old, old sto - ry That I have loved so long.

'Twill be my theme in glo - ry, To tell the old, old sto - ry Of Je-sus and His love.

How Can I But Love Him?

P. P. B.

P. P. BILHORN.

1. When I hear the grand old sto - ry, Oft - en told and sung be-fore, How that Je - sus
 2. In the gar-den how He suffered, In the judgment hall He bore Cru - el mockings
 3. How to Cal - va - ry, they led Him, As the cross He mee-kly bore, Crushed beneath its
 4. To the cross they nailed my Sav-ior, With the nails His flesh they tore, As I there be-
 5. Bleed-ing, suff - ring, thirsting, dying, Hear Him crying o'er and o'er, God forgive them!

REFRAIN.

D. S.

came from glo - ry, Then I love Him more and more; More and more, more and more,
 scorn and spit-ting, 'Twas for me; I'll love Him more; More and more, more and more,
 heav - y bur-den, Can I help but love Him more? More and more, more and more,
 hold Him pin-ioned, How can I but love Him more? More and more, more and more,
 God for-give them! I will love Him m're and more; More and more, more and more,

NOTE—Use small notes in the D. S.

Copyright, 1891, by P. P. Bilhorn.

Come Unto Me.

143

E. E. HEWITT.

F. DEGEN.

- Words and Music Copyright, 1901, by P. P. Bilhorn.
1. Come un-to Je-sus, all ye that la-bor, All that are wea-ry, sad and oppressed;
 - Still He is call-ing, oh, friend and neighbor,
 2. Bring Him the bur-den, heav-i ly press-ing, Tell Him the sor-row hid in your breast;
 - Sin and transgression free-ly con-fess-ing,
 3. Lose not a mo-ment, haste to your Sav-ior, Ere the bright day beams fade in the west;
 - Ask-ing His mer-cy, seek-ing His fa-vor,
 4. Come un-to Je-sus, Sav-ior and Brother, Sure-ly you need Him, pur-est and best;
 - Tru-ex than fa-ther, fond-er than moth-er,



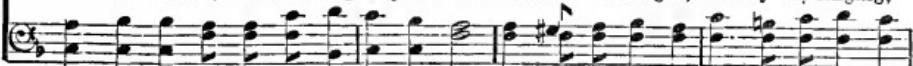
S. 2 rit.

FINE CHORUS.

m

1. Come un - to me, and I will give you rest.

2-4 Come un-to Him, and He will give you rest. Down thro' the ages, sweetly 'tis ringing,



"Come un - to me, and I will give you rest."

cres.

D. S.

This word of Je-sus, come and be blest; Sweeter than car-ols an-gels are sing-ing,



Why Not Receive Him?

P. P. BILHORN.

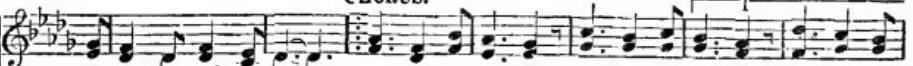
ADA BLENKHORN.

Words and Music Copyright, 1905, by P. P. Bilhorn.



1. The Prince of glory left His throne, The sinner's friend to be; He died on Cal-va-ry:
- His ho-ly brow with thorns was crownd,
2. He feeds the hun-gry soul with bread From life's eternal tree, From liv-ing fountains, free;
- He feeds the hun-gry soul with bread From life's eternal tree,
- And bids the thirst-y spir-it drink From liv-ing fountains, free;
3. He dwells before the great white throne, For needy souls to pray; Who did their Lord betray:
- He dwells before the great white throne, For needy souls to pray;
- He pleads for those to come to Him, Who did their Lord betray:

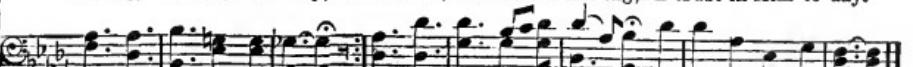
CHORUS.



He suffered thus for thee. { Why not re-ceive Him? Why not believe Him? While He is
He of-fers this to thee. { I will re-ceive Him, I will be-
He call-eth thee to-day.



call-ing, Call-ing to-day; lieve Him; While Ho is call-ing, I'll trust in Him to-day.



*Use small notes in the D. S.

Mrs. P. P. B.

1. { Oh, ye who have heard the gos - pel, Give ear to His word to - day,
 { And o - pen your heart to re-ceive Him,
 2. { Oh, ye who would meet your loved ones, And dwell in the home on high; }
 { Make haste to be - lieve in the Sav - ior,
 3. { Oh, ye who are lost in dark - ness, In Christ there is hope and cheer,
 { But if ye neg - lect to re-ceive Him,
 4. { But bless - ed are we who trust Him, And un - to His word we cling,
 { His grace shall for - ev - er-more save us,

CHORUS.

Lest grieved ye should hear Him say.—
For soon ye may hear this cry.— Lost! lost! lost! for - ev-er, e - ter-nal-ly
For - ev-er these words you'll hear.—
And joy - ful this strain we'll sing.— Saved! saved! saved! for - ev-er, e - ter-nal-ly

lost! Ye would not believe, nor Christ receive, And now e - ter-nal - ly lost!
saved! We trust-ed, believed, and Christ received, And now e - ter-nal - ly saved!

I Will Meet You.

ISAAC WATTS. Arr.
DUET. *Slow.*

P. P. BILHORN.

- Am I a soldier of the cross—
And shall I fear to own His cause,
Or blush to speak His name?
 - Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
To help me on to God?
 - Is this vile world a friend to grace,
Increase my courage Lord,
Support-ed by Thy Word.
 - Since I must fight if I would reign,
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,

CHORUS.

I will meet you in the cit - y of the new Je - ru - sa - lem; I am

washed in the blood of the Lamb, (of the Lamb;) washed in the blood of the Lamb,

I'll Go Where You Want Me to Go.

145

MARY BROWN,
Andante.

CARRIE E. ROUNSEFELL.

1. It may not be on the mountain's height, Or o - ver the storm - y sea;
2. Per-haps to - day there are lov - ing words Which Je - sus would have me speak -
3. There's surely somewhere a low - ly place, In earth's harvest fields so wide -

Copyright, 1896, by C. E. Rounsefell. By per.

It may not be at the bat - tle's front My Lord will have need of me; There may be now in the paths of sin Some wand'r'er whom I should seek - Where I may la - bor thro' life's short day For Je - sus the cru - ci - fied -

But, if by a still small voice He calls To paths that I do not know, O Sav - ior, if Thou wilt be my guide, Tho' dark and rug - ged the way, So trust - ing my all to Thy ten - der care, And know-ing Thou lov - est me,

D.S.-I'll go where you want me to go, dear Lord, O'er mountain, or plain, or sea;

D. S.

I'll answer, dear Lord, with my hand in Thine, I'll go where you want me to go. My voice shall ech - o Thy message sweet, I'll say what you want me to say. I'll do Thy will with a heart sincere, I'll be what you want me to be;

I'll say what you want me to say, dear Lord, I'll be what you want me to be.

I'll Live For Him.

C. R. DUNBAR.

1. My life, my love I give to Thee, Thou Lamb of God who died for me;
2. I now be-lieve Thou dost re-ceive, For Thou hast died that I might live;
3. Oh, Thou who died on Cal - va - ry, To save my soul and make me free,

CHO.-I'll live for Him who died for me, How hap - py then my life shall be!

D. C.

Oh, may I ev - er faith - ful be, My Sav - ior and my God! And now hence-forth I'll trust in Thee, My Sav - ior and my God! I con - se-crate my life to Thee, My Sav - ior and my God!

I'll live for Him who died for me, My Sav - ior and my God!

By permission of R. E. Hudson.

146 Where Will You Spend Eternity?

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

T. H. TENNEY.

Copyright transferred 1891, to P. P. Breham.

1. Where will you spend e - ter - ni - ty? This question comes to you and me!
 2. Ma - ny are choos-ing Christ to - day, Turn-ing from all their sins a - way;
 3. Leav - ing the strait and nar - row way, Go - ing the down-ward road to - day,
 4. Re - pent, be-lieve, this ver - y hour, Trust in the Sav - ior's grace and pow'r,

Tell me, what shall your an - swer be? Where will you spend e - ter - ni - ty?
 Heav'n, shall their hap - py por - tion be? Where will you spend e - ter - ni - ty?
 Sad will their fi - nal end - ing be, — Lost thro' a long e - ter - ni - ty!
 Then will your joy - ous an - swer be, Saved thro' a long e - ter - ni - ty!

REFRAIN.

1-2 E - ter - ni - ty! e - ter - ni - ty! Where will you spend e - ter - ni - ty?
 3. E - ter - ni - ty! e - ter - ni - ty! Lost thro' a long e - ter - ni - ty!
 4. E - ter - ni - ty! e - ter - ni - ty! Saved thro' a long e - ter - ni - ty!

Shall I Be Saved Tonight?

FANNY J. CROSBY.

Mrs. M. BLISS WILSON.

By permission

1. Je - sus is pleading with my poor soul, Shall I be saved to-night?
 2. Je - sus is knocking at my poor heart, Shall I be saved to-night?
 3. What if that voice I should hear no more, Shall I be saved to-night?

FINE

If I believe He will make me whole, Shall I be saved to-night?
 What if His Spir - it should now de - part? Shall I be saved to-night?
 Quickly I'll o - pen this bolt - ed door, Save me; O Lord, to-night.

- D.S.—Shall I go on in the old, old way, Or shall I be saved to-night?
 D.S.—Shall I re - ject Him— a friend so dear? Oh, shall I be saved to-night?
 D.S.—Now let Thy work in my soul be - gin, For I will be saved to-night.

D. S.

Ten-der - ly, sad - ly I hear Him say, How can you grieve me from day to day?
 O - ver and o - ver His voice I hear, Sweetly it falls on my list'ning ear;
 Blessed Redeemer, come in, come in, Pit - y my sorrow, for-give my sin;

Rev. F. W. FABER, D. D.

P. P. BILHORN.

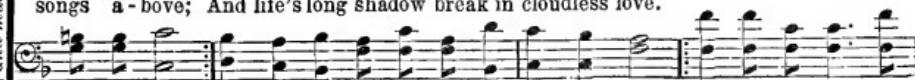
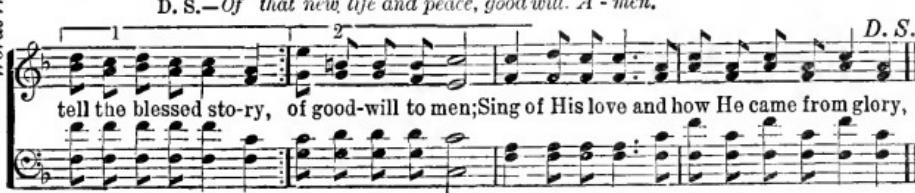
1. { Hark! hark! my soul! an - gel - ic songs are swelling, O'er earth's green fields and ocean's
 How sweet the truth those blessed strains are telling,
 2. { On - ward we go for still we hear them singing, Come, weary souls, for Je - sus
 And thro' the dark, its echoes sweetly ringing,
 3. { Far, far a - way, like bells at ev'ning pealing, The voice of Jesus sounds o'er
 And la - den souls by thousands meekly stealing,
 4. { An - gels, sing on, your faithful watches keeping, Sing us sweet fragments of the
 Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,

Words *rrr*, and music copyright, 1898, by P. P. Bilhorn.

FINE CHORUS.



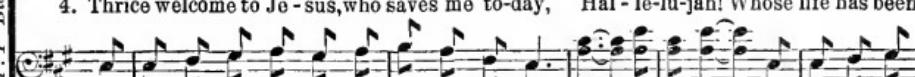
wavebeat shore; Of that new life when sin shall be no more.
 bids you come; The mu - sic of the gos - pel leads us home. { An-gels, sing on and
 land and sea; King Shepherd, turn their weary steps to Thee. { Tell of His birth and
 songs a - bove; And life's long shadow break in cloudless love.

D. S.—*Of that new life and peace, good will. A - men.*Words *rrr*,

Hallelujah, I Am Saved.

P. P. BILHORN.

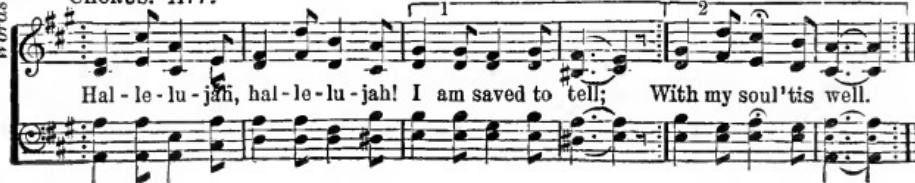
- P. P. B.
1. I once was a reb - el, but now I am free, Hal - le - lu - jah! For Je-sus has
 2. No long-er de - sir - ing the things of the world, Hal - le - lu - jah! Since Jesus His
 3. I'm singing a new song of peace and of joy, Hal - le - lu - jah! My song is su -
 4. Thrice welcome to Je - sus, who saves me to-day, Hal - le - lu - jah! Whose life has been



purchased a par - don for me, Hal - le - lu - jah, I am saved.
 ban - ner of love has un - furled, Hal - le - lu - jah, I am saved.
 per - sonal, it has no al - loy, Hal - le - lu - jah, I am saved.
 giv - en to wash sins a - way, Hal - le - lu - jah, I am saved.



CHORUS. Arr.



Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah! I am saved to tell; With my soul'tis well.

Words and Music Copyright, 1907, by P. P. Bilhorn.

148 Let Jesus Come Into Your Heart.

C. H. M.

Mrs. C. H. Morris.



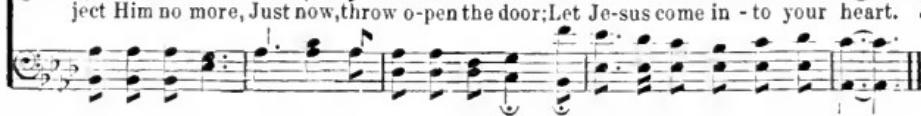
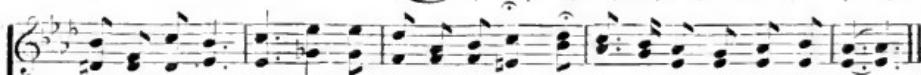
1. If you are tired of the load of your sin, Let Je-sus come in - to your heart;
2. If you de-sire a new life to be-gin,
3. If 'tis for pu - ri - ty now that you sigh, Let Je-sus come in - to your heart,
4. Fountains for cleansing are flowing near by,
5. If there's a tempest your voice cannot still, Let Je-sus come in - to your heart;
6. If there's a void this world nev-er can fill,
7. If you would join the glad songs of the blest, Let Je-sus come in - to your heart;
8. If you would en-ter the mansions of rest,



CHORUS.



Let Je-sus come in - to your heart. Just now your doubtings give o'er, Just now re-



ject Him no more, Just now, throw o-pen the door; Let Je-sus come in - to your heart.

Copyright 1898, by H. L. Gilmore.

Arr. by P. P. B.

The Man of Galilee.

Anon.

Arr. by P. P. B.



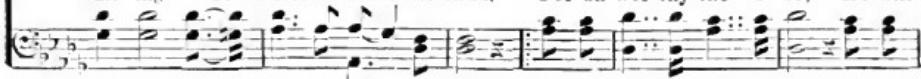
1. I am on a shining pathway, Adown life's short'ning years; And my heart has known its
2. My soul hath had its conflicts With mighty hosts of sin; And the deadly foes with-
3. I am coming near the city My Savior's hands have piled; And I know my Father's



OPES ff CRIES.



sorrows, And mine eye hath seen their tears. But I saw those shadows flee, And the
out me, And deadlier foes with-in. But I saw those le-gions flee, And my
wait-ing To welcome home His child; For un-wor-thy tho' I be, He will



ff ff



shin-ing lights I see, While I'm trusting in the mer-it Of the Man of Gal - i - lee.
soul found vic-to-ry, When I trust-ed in the mer-it Of the Man of Gal - i - lee.
find a place for me, For He is the King of Glory - The Man of Gal - i - lee.

Copyright, 1897, by P. P. Billehorn.

I Want Everybody to Know.

149

Mrs. FRANK A. BRECK.

P. P. BILHORN.

1. I have such a won-der-ful Sav-i-or To help me wher-ever I go,
 2. He helps me o'er-come all temp-ta-tion, And makes me with gladness o'er-flow;
 3. He cheers me if I am in sor-row, He press-es me close to His heart,
 4. He heark-en-s to hum-ble con-fess-ing, And ev - er His mer-cy doth show;

Words and Music Copyright, 1901, by P. P. Bilhorn,

I have to keep tell-ing His good-ness, For I want ev 'ry bod-y to know.
 He brings me a bless-ed sal-va-tion That I want ev 'ry bod-y to know.
 And tells of that brighter to-mor-row, Where trou-bles shall nev-er have part.
 He crown-eth my life with His bless-ing, And I want ev 'ry bod-y to know.

CHORUS.

I want ev 'ry bod-y to know Of Je-sus who lov-eth me so!

My time I will give as long as I live To help ev 'ry bod-y to know.

Am I a Soldier.

1. Am I a sol - dier of the cross, A fol-low'r of the Lamb,
 2. Must I be car - ried to the skies On flow'r-y beds of ease,
 3. Are there no foes for me to face Must I not stem the flood
 4. Since I must fight if I would reign, In-crease my cour - age, Lord;

And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name?
 While oth - ers fought to win the prize, And sailed thro' blood-y seas?
 Is this vile world a friend to grace, To help me on to God?
 I'll bear the toil en-dure the pain, Sup-port - ed by Thy word.

Not To-Night.

P. P. B.

P. P. BILHORN.

1. "Not to-night" so many say, And turn from light and life a-way,
2. "Not to-night" a soul re-plied, And turned with care-less laugh a-side,
3. "Not to-night?" O, sad re-ply, When Christ to save you wait-eth nigh,
4. "Not to-night?" Count well the cost. Should you for-ev-er more be lost

A - las! for some 'twill be too late, An - oth - er night may seal their fate,
But death called loud that ver - y night; The soul in ter - ror took its flight.
The day of grace may soon be past, Your cry will be, "Lost, lost at last!
If heav'n and bliss you nev - er see, Where will you spend e - ter - ni - ty?"

CHORUS.

Come to-night, . . . O come to-night, . . . Je-sus lov-ing-ly doth wait;
 θ come tonight, O come tonight, Je-sus lov-ing-ly doth wait;

O come tonight, O come tonight, Je-sus lov-ing-ly doth wait;

Come to-night, O come to-night, some other night may be too late.
O come tonight, O come to-night,

1892, by P. P. Billhorn

Seeking For Me.

A. N.

E. E. HASTY. By per.

1. *Je-sus*, my Sav-i-or, to Beth-le-hem came, Born in a man-ger to sorrow and shame;
D.C. (Oh, it was won-der-ful, blest be His name! Seeking
2. *Je-sus*, the Sav-i-or, on Cal-va-ry's tree, Paid the great debt, and our souls He set free;
D.C. (Oh, it was won-der-ful, how could it be? Dy-ing
3. *Je-sus*, my Sav-i-or, the same as of old, While I was wand'ring a-far from the fold;
D.C. (Gently and long did He plead with my soul, Calling

REFRAIN. For me,

for me.

REFRAIN. For me for me D.C.

for me, for me! Seeking for me! Seeking for me! Seeking for me!
for you and me! Dy-ing for you! Dy-ing for me! Dy-ing for me!
for me! for me! Calling for me! Calling for me! Calling for me!

Saved by His Grace.

151

P. P. B.

P. P. BILHORN.

Words and Music Copyright, 1907, by P. P. Bilhorn.

1. Saved by grace, oh, won-der-ful sto - ry, Je-sus, the Sav-i-or, has come from on high;
2. Saved by grace, an heir to His glo - ry,
3. Saved by grace, and jus-ti - fied free - ly Je-sus, the cru - ci - fied, rose from the grave;
4. Saved by grace, oh, mar-vel-ous deal-ing,
5. Saved by grace, and sanctified thro' Him, Christ, the ascended, now pléads for His own;
6. Saved by grace, I sing hal - le - lu - jah!

CHORUS. *Joyful.*

I shall in - her - it it by and by.
Life ev - er - last-ing to me He gave. Saved by grace, oh, wonderful story, Tell it a -
I shall be-hold Him up - on His throne.

gain, He saves by grace; Saved by grace, oh, that will be glory, When we see Jesus face to face.

What Will Your Harvest Be?

Miss JULIA H. JOHNSTON.

P. P. BILHORN.

Copyright, 1888, by P. P. Bilhorn.

1. This is the gold - en seed-time, What will the har - vest yield? What is the seed, O
2. In - to the o - pen fur - row, Un-der the sun-light free,
3. Sow-ing the seeds of sor - row, Planting the thorns of wrong, Look to the end, thou
4. Sow-ing in sin and doubting, Seed for e - ter - ni - ty,
5. Ear-nest and faith-ful toil - ers, Bear-ing the pre-cious seed, Sow-ing be-side all
6. You shall re-turn re - joic - ing, You shall the Mas - ter see;

sow - er, Dropped in the wait - ing field? Seed from your hand is fall - ing, Oh!
sow - er, Tho' it may tar - ry long; Reap - ing the fruit here-af - ter, Oh!
wa - ters, Read - y in word and deed, When the ripe sheaves are garner'd, Oh!

CHORUS. rit. rit.

what will your harvest be? 1-2 What will your harvest be, What will your harvest be?
what will your harvest be? 3 Blest will your harvest be, Blest will your harvest be?
blest will your harvest be?

harvest be,

The Branch of Healing.

P. P. BILHORN.

MISS FLORA KIRKLAND.

1. If He will that I shall trav-el Where the bit-ter wa-ters flow,
I've a precious "branch of Healing," For the bit-ter-
2. If He will that strife surround me, If He will that cares increase,
Since His tender love hath found me, I can walk in
3. If my path is strewn with blossoms, If the birds a-round me sing,
If no cloud of troub-le low-ers, If the days no

ness of woe. By the brink of Marah's waters Help me walk with steadfast feet, For I perfect peace. An - y path, how-ev-er thorn-y, Is a path to glo-ry fair; And He sorrow bring, Let me walk as one who watcheth For the Mas-ter to ap-pear; Let me

rit. REFRAIN. Prayerful.

know that Thou art with me, And the bitter things grow sweet.

walketh with me ev-er, All my griefs to help me bear. With me ev-er, with me ev-er! live as in His presence, For my Lord is ev-er near.

Blessed Jesus, Friend divine! Let me never, let me never Hold my will opposed to Thine.

P. P. B.

Calling, O Hear Him!

P. P. BILHORN.

1. The Savior in love is calling, Hear His sweet voice today;
He pa-tient-ly waits to save you; Come now, and His call o-bey.
2. He came from His home in glory Down to this world of shame,
A pardon and peace to purchase; To save us He freely came.
3. Thro' faith in His grace we enter Into the realms of love;
He now with compassion calleth To mansions prepared above.
4. But sad it will be for many Who will not heed His voice,
And think there is time to enter, Neglecting to make their choice.

CHORUS.

Call-ing, O hear Him, Calling, O hear Him! Call-ing, O hear Him! Jesus is calling now.

Words and Music Copyright, 1901, by P. P. Bilhorn.

Words and Music Copyright, 1908, by P. P. Bilhorn.

Step In Anywhere.

153

Mrs. FRANK A. BRECK.

P. P. BILHORN.

1. { Would you be a sol-dier in the ar-my of the Lord, Fighting for His kingdom
Gird ye on the ar-mor, take the Spir-it's might-y
2. { Would you be a sol-dier? Reckon not too high the cost, Foes will be be-fore you
Fel - ter not for dan-ger, he who hes - i-tates is
3. { Would you be a sol-dier? There is room for young and old; Will you vol - un-teer for
We shall win a triumph greater than has yet been
4. { Would you be a sol-dier in a cause that cannot fail, Fac-ing ev'-ry hard-ship
Know-ing for 'tis promised that the faithful shall pre-

D. C.—sol-diers brave and true, there is fight-ing now to

FINE CHORUS.

and e - ter - ni-ty's re-w ard? sword, And step in an - y-where.
and the path by danger cross'd; lost, Just step in an - y-where. Step in an-y-where,
serv - ice ev - er true and bold? told, Then step in an - y-where.
with a faith that will not quail, vail? Then step in an - y-where.

do, Then step in an - y-where.

Chorus D. C. to Fine.

step in an - y-where, There's fight-ing all a-long the line, (a-long the line,) For

INA DULEY OGDON.

I Am on the Right Side.

P. P. BILHORN.

1. In the roy - al ar - my, fight-ing for the right, Serv - ing for Je - ho - vah,
2 Ma - ny foes to con-quer, ere the day be done, Ere the cry of tri-umph
3. See the ranks of dark-ness, back-ward as they fall, Nev - er-more to ral - ly,
4. Hast-en on-ward, broth-er, tri-umph o - ver sin, Ev - 'ry e - vil vanquish,

CHO.—I am on the right side, broth-er, are you? Stand-ing by your Captain,

trust - ing in His might, Stand-ing by my Cap - tain, vic - to - ry in view,
tells of vic - try won; Clad in gos - pel ar - mor, Sa-tan's hosts pur-sue;
ru - in o - ver all; See Je - ho - vah's ar - my re - in-forced a - new;
ev - 'ry con - flict win; Hast - en on to Zi - on, for the grand re-view;

brave, and tried, and true; Broth - er, will you meet me in the grand re-view,

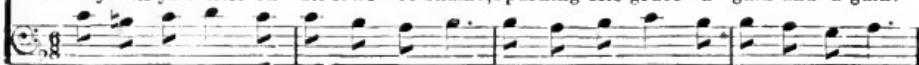
I am on the right side; brother, are you? I am on the right side; brother, are you?

Drifting Away From God.

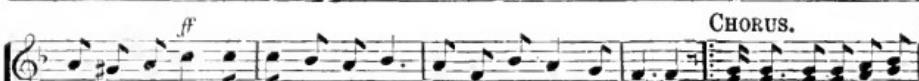
Mrs. J. A. GRIFFITH.

P. P. BILHORN.

1. Drift-ing a-way from Christ in thy youth, Drift-ing a-way from mer-cy and truth,
 2. Drift-ing a-way from moth-er and home, Drift-ing a-way in sor-row to roam,
 3. Drift-ing a-way on sin's treach'rous tide, Drift-ing where death and darkness a-bide,
 4. Why will you drift on bil-lows of shame, Spurning His grace a-gain and a-gain?



CHORUS.



Drift-ing to sin in ten-der-est youth, Drift-ing a-way from God.

Drift-ing where peace and rest cannot come, Drift-ing away from God. Brother, the Savior has
Drift-ing from heav'n away in your pride, Drift-ing a-way from God. See you are nearing e-
Soon you'll be lost! in sin to re-main, Ev-er a-way from God.

called you be-fore; } ter - ni-ty's shore, } Soon you may perish, be lost ev-er-more, Je-sus now calls for you.



Room in Heaven For Thee.

Mrs. F. FISLER.

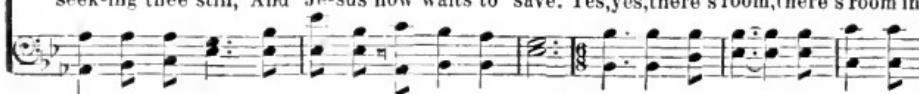
P. P. BILHORN.



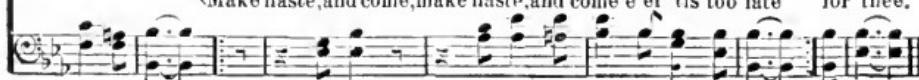
1. { How sad it would be, if when thou dost call, All hope-less and un-for-giv'n,
 2. { The an-gel that stands at the
 3. { How sad it would be were the har-vest past, The bright summer days all gone,
 4. { To know that the reap-ers had
 5. { Oh, come to the Lord while His mer-cy's near, Re-mem-ber His life He gave;
 6. { The love that has sought thee is



CHORUS.

beau-ti-ful gate, Should answer: no room in heav'n. Sad, oh, how sad, no room in
gathered the sheaves, And left thee to die a lone. Sad, oh, how sad, etc.
seek-ing thee still, And Je-sus now waits to save. Yes, yes, there's room, there's room inheav'n for thee, No room, no room, no room, no room in heav'n for thee; for thee,
heav'n for thee, Then come, O come, then come, O come, there's room in heav'n for thee;

Make haste, and come, make haste, and come e'er 'tis too late for thee.



Sunlight.

155

J. W. VAN DE VENTER.

W. S. WEEDEN.

1. I wan-der'd in the shades of night, Till Je-sus came to me, And with the sunlight
2. The clouds may gather in the sky, And billows round me roll, How-ev - er dark the
3. While walking in the light of God, I sweet communion find; I press with ho - ly
4. I cross the wide ex-tend-ed fields, I jour-ney o'er the plains, And in the sunlight

Copyright, 1897 by Weeden & Van De Venter. P. P. Bilhorn, owner.

CHORUS.

of His love Bid all my darkness flee.
world may be, I've sunlight in my soul. Sunlight, sunlight in my soul to-day,
vig-or on, And leave the world behind. to-day, yes,
of His love I reap the gold-en grain.

Sun-light, sun-light all a-long the way; Since the Sav - ior found me;
nar - row way;

took a-way my sin, I have had the sun-light of His love with-in.
load of sin,

Lord, Save Me.

P. P. B.

P. P. BILHORN.

1. Lord, save me! Lord, save me! When up - on the troubled sea, When Thy
2. Lord, help me! Lord, help me! When by Sa - tan sore op-press'd When with
3. Lord, cleanse me! Lord, cleanse me! From each sin-ful tho't and deed, For a
4. Lord, heal me! Lord, heal me! From all sick-ness and dis-ease, And from
5. Lord, fill me! Lord, fill me! With the ho - ly Ghost and pow'r, Send a

face is hid from me, May Thy hand out-stretch-ed be, Lord, save me!
sor - row deep dis-tress'd, Bid me lean on Thee for rest, Lord, help me!
pure heart, Lord, I plead, This is what I dai - ly need, Lord, cleanse me!
all in - i - qui - ties Grant my sin - sick soul re-l ease, Lord, heal me!
pen - te - cost - al show'r, Help me wit-ness ev - 'ry hour, Lord, fill me!

Words and Music Copyright, 1904, by F. J. Bilhorn.

Geo. O. Webster.

P. P. BILHORN.

1. Nearer draw me, bless-ed Sav - ior, To Thy side once pierc'd for me,
 2. When the cares of life are press-ing, And my strength be-gins to fail,
 3. When the last deep vale I en - ter, Ere I cross the nar - row sea,
 4. Heaven's bliss will be the sweet - er, As Thy bless-ed face I see,

FINE

Let me know the joy of par - don, Thro' Thy grace so full and free.
 Draw me clos - er, bless-ed Sav - ior, Near to Thee I shall pre-vail.
 I shall nev - er fear or fal - ter, If I'm near - er, Lord, to Thee.
 And thro'-out e - ter - nal a - ges Clos - er, Lord, I'll be to Thee.

D. S.—Neath the cleansing, crimson fount-ain, Let me ev - er-more a - bide.

CHORUS.

D. S.

Near - er, draw me, Ev - er near - er to Thy side.
 Near - er, Sav - ior, near - er Thee,

Worship and Music Copyright, 1907, by P. P. Bilhorn.

My Jesus, I Love Thee.

A. J. GORDON.

1. My Je - sus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine; For Thee all the
 2. I love Thee be - cause Thou hast first lov - ed me, And pur-chased my
 3. I'll love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death, And praise Thee as
 4. In man-sions of glo - ry and end - less de-light, I'll ev - er a-

fol - lies of sin I re - sign; My gra - cious Re - deem - er, my
 par - don on Cal - va - ry's tree; I love Thee for wear - ing the
 long as Thou lend - est me breath, And say when the death - dew lies
 dore Thee in heav - en so bright; I'll sing with the glit - ter - ing

Sav - ior art Thou; If ev - er I loved Thee, My Je - sus, 'tis now.
 thorns on Thy brow; If ev - er I loved Thee, My Je - sus, 'tis now.
 cold on my brow: "If ev - er I loved Thee, My Je - sus, 'tis now.
 crown on my brow: "If ev - er I loved Thee, My Je - sus, 'tis now.

Let the Lower Lights Be Burning.

157

P. P. B.

P. P. BLISS

1. Bright-ly beams our Fa-ther's mer - ey From the light - house ev - er - more;
2. Dark the night of sin has set-tled, Loud the an - gry bil-lows roar;
3. Trim your fee - ble lamp, my broth-er; Some poor sea - man tem - pest-toss'd,

Copyright, 1905, by THE JOHN CHURCH CO. Used by per.

But to us He gives the keep-ing Of the lights a - long the shore.
Ea - ger eyes are watch-ing, long - ing, For the lights a - long the shore.
Try - ing now to make the har - bor, In the dark-ness may be lost.

CHORUS.

Let the low - er lights be burn-ing! Send a gleam a-cross the wave!

Some poor faint - ing, struggling sea - man You may res - cue, you may save.

Savior, Like a Shepherd.

DOROTHY A. THRUPP.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. { Savior, like a Shepherd lead us, Much we need Thy tend'rest care, } Blessed Jesus,
In thy pleasant pastures feed us, For our use Thy folds prepare; }
2. { We are thine, do Thou befriend us, Be the Guardian of our way; } Blessed Jesus,
Keep Thy flock, from sin defend us, Seek us when we go a-stray; }

blessed Jesus, Thou hast bought us, thine we are; Jesus, Thou hast bought us, Thine we are.
blessed Jesus, Hear, oh, hear us when we pray; Jesus, Hear, oh, hear us when we pray.

- 3 Thou hast promised to receive us,
Poor and sinful though we be;
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
Grace to cleanse and power to free;
Blessed Jesus,
We will early turn to Thee.

- 4 Early let us seek Thy favor,
Early let us do Thy will;
Blessed Lord and only Savior,
With Thy love our bosoms fill;
Blessed Jesus,
Thou hast loved us, love us still.

S. O'MALEY CLUFF.

IRA D. SANKEY.

1. I have a Sav - ior, He's plead-ing in glo - ry, A dear, lov-ing Sav - ior, tho -
 2. I have a Fa - ther, to me He has giv - en A hope for e - ter - ni - ty,
 3. I have a peace; it is calm as a riv - er - A peace that the friends of this
 4. When Jesus has found you, tell oth - ers the sto - ry, That my lov - ing Sav - ior is

earthfriends be few; And now He is watch-ing in ten - der-ness o'er me,
 bless-ed and true; And soon will He call me to meet Him in heav - en,
 world nev - er knew; My Sav - ior a - lone is its Au - thor and Giv - er,
 your Sav - ior, too; Then pray that your Sav - ior may bring them to glo - ry,

CHORUS. *f*

And oh, that my Sav - ior were your Sav - ior, too!
 But oh, that He'd let me bring you with me, too! For you I am pray - ing,

And oh, could I know it was giv - en to you!

And pray'r will be answered—'twas answer'd for you!

For you I am pray-ing, For you I am pray-ing, I'm pray - ing for you.

Come to Jesus.

1. Come to Je - sus, Come to Je - sus, Come to Je - sus just now,

Just now come to Je - sus, Come to Jo - sus just now.

2 He will save you.

3 Oh, believe Him.

4 He is able.

5 He is willing.

6 Call upon Him.

7 He will hear you.

8 Look unto Him.

9 He'll forgive you.

10 Only trust Him.

11 Jesus loves you.

12 Don't reject Him.

13 I believe Him.

Almost Persuaded.

159

P. P. B.

P. P. BLISS.

1. "Al - most per - suad - ed," now to be - lieve; "Al - most per-suad - ed"
2. "Al - most per - suad - ed," come, come to - day; "Al - most per-suad - ed"
3. "Al - most per - suad - ed," har - vest is past; "Al - most per-suad - ed"

Copyright, 1902, by The John Church Co.

Christ to re - ceive; Seems now my soul to say, "Go, Spir - it,
turn not a - way; Je - sus in - vites you here; An - gels are
doom comes at last; "Al - most" can - not a - vail; "Al - most" is

go Thy way, Some more con - ven - ient day On Thee I'll call."
lin - gering near; Pray'r's rise from hearts so dear; O wan - d'rer come!
but to fail; Sad, sad, that bit - ter wail— "Al - most—but lost."

Pass Me Not.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.

1. Pass me not, O gen - tle Sav - ior, Hear my hum - ble cry; While on
2. Let me at the throne of mer - cy Find a sweet re - lief; Kneel-ing
3. Trust - ing on - ly in Thy mer - it, Would I seek Thy face; Heal my
4. Thou the Spring of all my com - fort, More than life to me, Whom have

CHORUS.

oth - ers thou art smil - ing, Do not pass me by.
there in deep con - tri - tion, Help my un - be - lief. Sav - ior, Sav - ior,
wounded, brok-en spir - it, Save me by Thy grace.

I on earth be - side Thee? Whom in heav'n but Thee?

Hear my hum - ble cry, While on oth - ers Thou art call - ing, Do not pass me by.

Copyright renewed 1899, by W. H. Doane.

Lord, I Yield to Thee.

Words arr.

P. P. BILHORN.

1. Lord, I make a full sur - ren - der, All I have, I yield to Thee;
 2. Lord, I bring my whole af - fec - tion, Claim it, take it for Thine own,
 3. Lord, my will I here pre - sent Thee, Glad - ly now no long - er mine,
 4. Glo - ry, glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah! I have giv'n my all to God;

Copyright, 1898, by P. P. Bilhorn.

CHORUS. *Fervently.*

For Thy love so great and ten - der, Asks the gift of me.
 Safe - ly kept by Thy pro - tec - tion, Fixed on Thee [a - lone. Lord, I yield to Thee,
 Let no e - vil thing pre - vent me Blend - ing it with Thine.
 And I now have full sal - va - tion, Through the precious blood.

1 rit.
 Lord, I yield to Thee, Take me, Je-sus, as I am; Take me, Je-sus, precious Lamb.

Near the Cross.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.

1. Je - sus keep me near the Cross, There a pre - cious fount-ain Free to all a
 2. Near the Cross, a trembling soul, Love and mer - cy found me; There the Bright and
 3. Near the Cross, O Lamb of God, Bring its scenes be - fore me; Help me walk from
 4. Near the Cross I'll watch and wait, Hop - ing, trust-ing ev - er, Till I reach the

CHORUS.

heal - ing stream, Flows from Cal-valry's mount-ain.
 Morn - ing star Shed its beams a - round me. In the Cross, in the Cross,
 day to day, With its shad - ows o'er me.
 gold - en strand, Just be - yond the riv - er.

Be my glo - ry ev - er; Till my raptured soul shall find Rest be-yond the riv - er.

Copyright, 1898, by W. H. Doane.

Why Do You Wait?

161

G. F. R.

GEO. F. ROOT.

1. Why do you wait, dear brother, Oh, why do you tar - ry so long?
2. What do you hope, dear brother, To gain by a fur - ther de - lay?
3. Do you not feel, dear brother, His Spir - it now striv-ing with - in?
4. Why do you wait, dear brother, The har-vest is pass-ing a - way?

Copyright, 1878, by The John Church Co.

Your Sav - ior is wait-ing to give you A place in His sanc - ti - fied throng.
There's no one to save you but Je - sus, There's no oth - er way but His way.
Oh, why not ac-cept His sal - va - tion, And throw off thy bur-den of sin.
Your Sav - ior is long-ing to bless you, There's dan - ger and death in de - lay.

CHORUS.

Why not? why not? Why not come to Him now? now?

There is a Fountain.

W.M. COWPER.

Western Melody.

1. There is a foun-tain fill'd with blood, Drawn from Im - man-u-el's veins,
2. The dy - ing thief re - joiced to see That fount - ain in his day,
3. E'er since by faith I saw the stream Thy flow - ing wounds sup - ply,
4. Then in a no - bler, sweet - er song I'll sing Thy pow'r to save,

And sin-ners plung'd be-neath that flood Lose all their guilt - y stains,
And there may I, tho' vile as he, Wash all my sins a - way,
Re - deem - ing love has been my theme, And shall be till I die,
When this poor, lisp - ing, stamm'ring tongue Lies si - lent in the grave,

FINE.

Lose all their guilt - y stains, Lose all their guilt - y stains.
Wash all my sins a - way, Wash all my sins a - way.
And shall be till I die, And shall be, till I die.
Lies si - lent in the grave, Lies si - lent in the grave,

D. S.

F. J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.

1. Res - cue the per-ish-ing, Care for the dy - ing, Snatch them in pit - y from
 2. Tho' they are slighting Him, Still He is wait - ing, Wait - ing the pen - i - tent
 3. Down in the human heart, Crush'd by the tempt'er, Feel - ings lie bur - ied that
 4. Res - cue the per-ish-ing, Du - ty de-mands it; Strength for thy la - bor the

sin and the grave; Weep o'er the err - ing one, Lift up the fall - en, child to re - ceive; Plead with them earn-est - ly, Plead with them gen - tly; grace can re - store; Touch'd by a lov - ing heart, Wak - ened by kind-ness, Lord will pro - vide; Back to the nar - row way Pa - tient - ly win them;

CHORUS.

Tell them of Je - sus, the might - y to save. He will for - give if they on - ly be - lieve. Res - cue the per - ish-ing, Chords that were bro - ken will vi - brate once more. Tell the poor wan - d'rer a Sav - ior has died.

Care for the dy - ing; Je - sus is mer - ci - ful Je - sus will save!

Just As I Am.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Just as I am, with - out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,
 2. Just as I am, and wait-ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot.
 3. Just as I am, Thou wilt re - ceive, Wilt wel-come, par-don, cleanse, re - lieve;
 4. Just as I am, Thy love unknown Has bro - ken ev - 'ry bar-rier down;

And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come, I come. To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come, I come. Be - cause Thy prom - ise I be - lieve, O Lamb of God, I come, I come. Now to be Thine, yea, Thine a - lone, O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

Copyright property of W. H. Doane.

While Jesus Whispers.

163

W. E. WITTER.

H. R. PALMER.

By per.

Copyright, 1879, by H. R. Palmer.

1. While Je - sus whis - pers to you, Come, sin - ner, come! While we are
 2. Are you too heav - y la - den? Come, sin - ner, come! Je - sus will
 3. Oh, hear His ten - der plead - ing, Come, sin - ner, come! Come and re-

pray - ing for you, Come, sin - ner, come! Now is the time to own Him,
 bear your bur - den, Come, sin - ner, come! Je - sus will not de - ceive you,
 ceive the bless - ing, Come, sin - ner, come! While Je - sus whispers to you,

Come, sin - ner, come! Now is the time to know Him, Come, sin - ner, come!
 Come, sin - ner, come! Je - sus can now re - deem you, Come, sin - ner, come!
 Come, sin - ner, come! While we are pray - ing for you, Come, sin - ner, come!

Only Trust Him.

J. H. S.

Rev. J. H. STOCKTON.

1. Come, ev - 'ry soul by sin oppress'd, There's mer - cy with the Lord,
 2. For Je - sus shed His pre - cious blood Rich bless - ings to be - stow;
 3. Yes, Je - sus is the Truth, the Way, That leads you in - to rest;
 4. Come, then, and join this ho - ly band, And on to glo - ry go,

FINE.

And He will sure - ly give you rest, By trust - ing in His word.
 Plunge now in - to the erin - son flood That wash - es white as snow.
 Be - lieve in Him with - out de - lay, And you are ful - ly blest.
 To dwell in that ce - les - tial land, Where joys im - mor - tal flow.

D. S.—He will save you, He will save you, He will save you now.

CHORUS.

D. S.

On - ly trust Him, on - ly trust Him, On - ly trust Him now;

164 Shall We Gather at the River.

R. L.

ROBERT LOWRY.

1. Shall we gath - er at the riv - er, Where bright an - gel feet have trod;
 2. On the mar - gin of the riv - er, Wash - ing up its sil - ver spray;
 3. On the bo - som of the riv - er, Where the Sav - ior King we own;
 4. Soon we'll reach the shin - ing riv - er, Soon our pil - grim - age will cease;

With its crys - tal tide for ev - er Flow - ing from the throne of God.
 We shall walk and wor - ship ev - er, All the hap - py gold - en day.
 We shall meet and sor - row nev - er, 'Neath the glo - ry of the throne.
 Soon our hap - py hearts will quiv - er, With the mel - o - dy of peace.

CHORUS.

Yes, we'll gath - er at the riv - er, The beau - ti - ful, the beau - ti - ful riv - er,

Gath - er with the saints at the riv - er That flows by the throne of God.

The Great Physician.

WM. HUNTER.

J. H. STOCKTON.

FINE.

1. { The great Phy - si - cian now is near, The sym - pa - thiz - ing Je - sus; }
 { He speaks the droop - ing heart to cheer, Oh, hear the voice of Je - sus; }
 2. { Your ma - ny sin's are all for-giv'n, Oh, hear the voice of Je - sus; }
 { Go on your way in peace to heav'n, And wear a crown with Je - sus; }

D. S.-Sweet - est car - ol ev - er sung, Je - sus, bless-ed Je-sus!

REFRAIN.

D. S.

Sweet - est note in ser - aph song, Sweet - est name on mor - tal tongue,

- 3 All glory to the dying Lamb!
 I now believe in Jesus;
 I love the blessed Savior's name.
 I love the name of Jesus.

- 4 His name dispels my guilt and fear,
 No other name but Jesus;
 Oh, how my soul delights to hear
 The charming name of Jesus.

More About Jesus.

165

E. E. HEWITT.

JNO. R. SWEENEY.

1. More a-bout Je-sus would I know, More of His grace to oth-ers show,
 2. More a-bout Je-sus let me learn, More of His ho-ly will dis-cern;
 3. More a-bout Je-sus in His Word, Hold-ing com-mun-ion with my Lord,
 4. More a-bout Je-sus on His throne, Rich-es in glo-ry all His own;

More of His sav-ing full-ness see, More of His love who died for me!
 Spir-it of God, my Teach-er be, Show-ing the things of Christ to me!
 Hear-ing His voice in ev'-ry line, Mak-ing each faith-ful say-ing mine!
 More of His king-dom's sure in-crease, More of His com-ing, Prince of Peace!

REFRAIN.

More, more a-bout Je-sus, More, more a-bout Je-sus;

More of His sav-ing full-ness see, More of His love who died for me!

Take My Life and Let It Be.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

1. Take my life, and let it be Con-se-crated, Lord, to Thee; Take my hands, and
 2. Take my feet, and let them be Swift and beau-ti-ful for Thee; Take my voice, and
 3. Take my lips, and let them be Fill'd with mes-sa-ges for Thee; Take my sil-ver
 4. Take my will and make it Thine, It shall be no long-er mine; Take my heart, it
 5. Take my love, my God, I pour At Thy feet its treasure store; Take my-self, and

let them move At the im-pulse of Thy love, At the im-pulse of Thy love.
 let me sing Al-ways, on - ly, for my King, Al-ways, on - ly, for my King.
 and my gold, Not a mite would I with-hold, Not a mite would I with-hold.
 is Thine own, It shall be Thy roy-al throne, It shall be Thy roy-al throne.
 I will be Ev-er, on - ly, all for Thee, Ev-er, on - ly, all for Thee.

I Hear the Savior Say.

Mrs. ELVINA M. HALL.

JOHN T. GRAPE.

1. I hear the Savior say, Thy strength in-deed is small; Child oI weak-ness,
 2. Lord, now in-deed I find Thy pow'r, and Thine a-lone, Can change the
 3. For noth-ing good have I Where-by Thy grace to claim— I'll wash my
 4. And when be-fore the throne I stand in Him complete, I'll lay my

CHORUS.

watch and pray, Find in Me thine all in all.
 lep - er's spots, And melt the heart of stone. Je - sus paid it all,
 gar - ment white, In the blood oI Cal-v'ry's Lamb.
 tro - phies down, All down at Je - sus' feet.

All to Him I owe; Sin had left a crimson stain; He washed it white as snow.

I Hear Thy Welcome Voice.

L. H.

Rev. L. HARSOUGH.

1. I hear Thy welcome voice, That calls me, Lord, to Thee, For cleansing in Thy
 2. Tho' com-ing weak and vile, Thou dost my strength assure; Thou dost my vileness
 3. 'Tis Je - sus calls me on To per-fect faith and love, To per-fect hope, and

CHORUS.

pre-cious blood That flowed on Cal - va - ry.
 ful - ly cleanse, Till spot - less all and pure. I am com-ing, Lord! Com - ing
 peace, and trust, For earth and heav'n a-bove.

now to Theel Wash me, cleanse me in the blood That flowed on Cal - va - ry!

Lord, I'm Coming Home.

167

W. J. K.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. I've wan - dered far a - way from God, Now I'm com - ing home;
2. I've wast - ed ma - ny pre - cious years, Now I'm com - ing home;
3. I've tired of sin and stray - ing, Lord, Now I'm com - ing home;
4. My soul is sick, my heart is sore, Now I'm com - ing home;

S:

The paths of sin too long I've trod, Lord, I'm com - ing home.
 I now re - pent with bit - ter tears, Lord, I'm com - ing home.
 I'll trust Thy love, be - lieve Thy word, Lord, I'm com - ing home.
 My strength re - new, my hope re - store, Lord, I'm com - ing home.

FINE.

D. S.—O - pen wide Thine arms of love, Lord, I'm com - ing home.

CHORUS.

D. S.

Com - ing home, com - ing home, Nev - er - more to roam;

Jesus Saves!

PRISCILLA J. OWENS.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. We have heard the joy - ful sound: Je-sus saves! Je-sus saves! Spread the ti - dings
2. Waft it on the roll-ing tide: Je-sus saves! Je-sus saves! Tell to sin - ners
3. Sing a - bove the bat - tle strife, Je-sus saves! Je-sus saves! By His death and
4. Give the winds a might - y voice: Je-sus saves! Je-sus saves! Let the na - tions

all a-round; Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves! Bear the news to ev - 'ry land, Climb the far and wide: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves! Sing, ye is - lands of the sea, Ech - o end-less life, Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves! Sing it soft - ly thro' the gloom, When the now rejoice, —Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves! Shout sal - va - tion full and free, High - est

steeps and cross the waves; Onward! —'tis our Lord's command; Je-sus saves! Je-sus saves! back, ye o - cean caves; Earth shall keep her ju - bi - lee: Je-sus saves! Je-sus saves! heart for mer - cy craves; Sing in tri - umph o'er the tomb, —Je-sus saves! Je-sus saves! hills and deep - est caves; This our song of vic - to - ry, — Je-sus saves! Je-sus saves!

Used by per.

Copyright of John J. Hood.

I Need Thee Every Hour.

ANNIE R. HAWKS.

ROBERT LOWRY.

1. I need Thee ev'-ry hour, Most gra - cious Lord; No ten - der voice like
 2. I need Thee ev'-ry hour Stay Thou near by; Tempt - ta - tions lose their
 3. I need Thee ev'-ry hour Teach me Thy will, And Thy rich prom-is -
 4. I need Thee ev'-ry hour Most Ho - ly One; O make me Thine in-

REFRAIN.

Thine Can peace af - ford.
 pow'r When Thou art nigh.
 es In me ful - fill.
 deed, Thou bless - ed Son!

I need Thee, O I need Thee! Ev - 'ry hour I
 need Thee; O bless me now, my Sav - ior, I come to Thee!

 Copyright, 1900, by Mary Kunun Lowry.
 Renewal, used by per.

Bringing In the Sheaves.

KNOWLES SHAW.

GEORGE A. MINOR.

1. Sow - ing in the morn - ing, sow - ing seeds of kind - ness, Sow - ing in the
 Wait - ing for the har - vest and the time of reap - ing,
 2. Sow - ing in the sun - shine, sow - ing in the shad - ows, Fearing neith - er
 By and by the har - vest and the la - bor end - ed,
 3. Go then, ev - er weep - ing, sow - ing for the Mas - ter, Tho' the loss sus -
 When our weep - ing's o - ver, He will bid us wel - come,

noon-tide and the dew - y eve; We shall come re - joic - ing, bringing in the sheaves.
 clouds nor winter's chilling breeze; We shall come re - joic - ing, bringing in the sheaves.
 tained, our spir - it oft - en grieves; We shall come re - joic - ing, bringing in the sheaves.

CHORUS.

After repeat D. S. to Fine.

Bringing in the sheaves, bringing in the sheaves, We shall come, rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

More Love to Thee, O Christ.

169

Mrs. ELIZABETH PRENTISS.

W. H. DOANE.

1. More love to Thee, O Christ! More love to Thee; Hear Thou the
 2. Once earth-ly joy I craved, Sought peace and rest; Now Thee a-
 3. Let sor-row do its work, Come grief or pain; Sweet are Thy
 4. Then shall my lat-est breath Whis-per Thy praise, This be the

Copyright property of The Biglow & Main Co.

pray'r I make On bend-ed knee; This is my earn-est plea,
 lone I seek, Give what is best; This all my pray'r shall be,
 mes-sen-gers, Sweet their re-frain, When they can sing with me,-
 part-ing cry My heart shall raise; This still its pray'r shall be;

More love, O Christ, to Thee More love to Thee! More love to Thee!

I Gave My Life For Thee.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

P. P. BLISS.

1. I gave my life for thee, My pre-cious blood I shed,
 2. My Fa-ther's house of light,- My glo-ry-cir-cled throne
 3. I suf-fered much for thee, More than thy tongue can tell,
 4. And I have brought to thee, Down from My home a-bove,

That thou might'st ran-somed be, And quick-ened from the dead;
 I left, for earth-ly night, For wan-dring sad and lone;
 Of bit-trest ag-o-ny, To res-cue thee from hell;
 Sal-va-tion full and free, My par-don and My love;

I gave, I gave, My life for thee, What hast thou given for Me?
 I left, I left it all for thee, Hast thou left aught for Me?
 I've borne, I've borne it all for thee, What hast thou borne for Me?
 I bring, I bring rich gifts to thee, What hast thou brought to Me?

By per. of The John Church Co. owners of copyright.

Whiter Than Snow.

JAMES NICHOLSON.

WM. G. FISCHER.

Copyright, 1871, by Wm. G. Fischer. Used by per.

1. Lord Je-sus, I long to be per-fect - ly whole; I want Thee for-ev - er to
 2. Lord Je-sus, look down from thy throne in the skies, And help me to make a com-
 3. Lord Je-sus, for this I most hum-bly en-treat; I wait, blessed Lord, at Thy
 4. Lord Je-sus, Thou se - est I pa-tient-ly wait: Come now, and with-in me a-

live in my soul; Break down ev - 'ry i - dol, cast out ev - 'ry foe; Now
 plete sac - ri - fice; I give up my - self and what-ev - er I know: Now
 cru - ci - fied feet, By faith, for my cleansing, I see Thy blood flow; Now
 new heart cre-ate; To those who have sought Thee, Thou nev-er said'st "No," Now

CHORUS.
 wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow. Whit - er than snow, yes,
 whit - er than snow; Now wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow.

Work, for the Night is Coming.

SIDNEY DYER.

LOWELL MASON.

FINE.

1. { Work, for the night is coming, Work thro' the morning hours;
 Work, while the dew is sparkling, Work 'mid springing flow'rs.
 D.C.-Work, for the night is coming, When man's work is done.

Work, when the day grows bright - er, Work in the glow - ing sun;

2 Work, for the night is coming,
 Work through the sunny noon;
 Fill brightest hours with labor,
 Rest comes sure and soon.
 Give ev'ry flying minute
 Something to keep in store:
 Work, for the night is coming,
 When man works no more.

3 Work, for the night is coming,
 Under the sunset skies;
 While their bright tints are glowing,
 Work, for daylight flies.
 Work till the last beam fadeth,
 Fadeth to shine no more;
 Work while the night is darkening,
 When man's work is o'er.

Beulah Land.

171

E. P. STITES.

JNO. R. SWENET.

1. I've reached the land of corn and wine, And all its rich - es free - ly* mine;
 2. The Sav - ior comes and walks with me, And sweet com-mun-ion here have we;
 3. A sweet per-fume up - on the breeze Is borne from ev - er - ver - naltrees,
 4. The zeph - yrs seem to float to me Sweet sounds of heav-en's mel - o - dy,

From "Goodly Pearls" by John J. Hood. By per.

Here shines undimm'd one bliss - ful day, For all my night has pass'd a-way.
 He gen - tly leads me with His hand, For this is heav-en's bor - der-land.
 And flow'rs that nev - er fad - ing grow Where streams of life for - ev - er flow.
 As an - gels with the white rob'd throng Join in the sweet re-demp-tion song.

CHORUS.

D. S.—*My heav'n, my home for - ev - er-more.*

O Beulah land, sweet Beulah land! As on thy highest mount I stand, I look a-way a-
 cross the sea Where mansions are prepared for me, And view the shin-ing glory shore,

Nearer, My God, to Thee.

SARAH F. ADAMS.

S: LOWELL MASON.

1. Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee, E'en tho' it be a cross
 2. Tho' like a wan - der - er, The sun gone down, Dark-ness be o - ver me,
 3. There let the way ap-pear, Steps un - to heav'n; All that Thou sendest me,
 4. Then with my wak - ing tho'ts Bright with Thy praise, Out of my ston - y griefs
 5. Or if on joy - ful wing Cleav - ing the sky, Sun, moon and stars for-got,

D. S.—Near - er, my God, to Thee,

FINE.

D. S.

That rais-eth me; Still all my song shall be, Near-er, my God, to Thee,
 My rest a stone, Yet in my dreams I'd be, Near-er, my God, to Thee,
 In mer - ey giv'n; An - gels to beck - on me, Near-er, my God, to Thee,
 Beth - el I'll raise; So by my woes to be, Near-er, my God, to Thee,
 Up - ward I fly, Still all my song shall be, Near-er, my God, to Thee,

Near - er to Thee.

I Surrender All.

J. W. VAN DE VENTER.

W. S. WEEDEN.

1. All to Je-sus I sur-ren-der, All to Him I free-ly give;
 2. All to Je-sus I sur-ren-der, Hum-bly at His feet I bow;
 3. All to Je-sus I sur-ren-der, Make me, Sav-iour, whol-ly Thine;
 4. All to Je-sus I sur-ren-der, Lord, I give my-self to Thee;
 5. All to Je-sus I sur-ren-der, Now I feel the sa-cred flame;

Copyright, 1896, by Weedon & Van De Venter P. P. Bilhorn, owner.

I will ev-er love and trust HIm, In His pres-ence dai-ly live.
 World-ly plea-sures all for-sak-en, Take me, Je-sus, take me now.
 Let me feel the Ho-ly Spir-it, Tru-ly know that Thou art mine.
 Fill me with Thy love and pow-er, Let Thy bless-ing fall on me.
 O the joy of full sal-va-tion! Glo-ry, glo-ry to His name!

CHORUS.

I sur-ren-der all, I sur-ren-der all; I sur-ren-der all;
 I sur-ren-der all; I sur-ren-der all; I sur-ren-der all;
 All to Thee, my bless-ed Sav-iour, I sur-ren-der all.

P. P. B. The Savior is My All in All. P. P. BILHORN.

1. {The Sav-iour is my all in all, He is my constant theme!
 1. {By sim-ply trusting in His word, He keeps me pure and clean.
 2. {His Spirit gives sweet peace within, And bids all care de-part!
 2. {He fills my soul with righteousness, And pu-ri-fies the heart.
 3. {And what-so-ev-er I may ask, To glo-ri fy His name,
 3. {The Fa-ther freely gives to me, Since Christ, the Savior came.
 4. {Oh, praise the Lord, my soul, rejoice, Give thanks unto thy God!
 4. {Who took thee in thy sin-ful-ness, And cleansed thee by His blood.

Words and Music Copyright, 1907, by P. P. BILHORN.

CHORUS. 1 2 rit.
 Glo-ry oh, glo-ry! Je-sus hath redeemed me; He wash'd my sins a-way, a-way!

Hallelujah, 'Tis Done!

173

P. P. B.

P. P. BLISS.

Copyright, 1902, by The John Church Co. Used by per.

1. 'Tis the prom-ise of God full sal - va - tion to give, Un - to him who on
 2. Ma - ny loved ones have I in yon heav - en - ly throng, They are safe now in
 3. Lit - tie chil - dren I see stand-ing close by their King, And He smiles as their
 4. There's a part in that cho - rus for you and for me, And the theme of our

REFRAIN.

Je - sus, His Son, will be - lieve.
 glo - ry, and this is their song: Hal - le - lu - jah, 'tis done! I be - lieve on the
 song of sal - va - tion they sing.
 prais-es for - ev - er shall be.

Son; I am saved by the blood of the cru - ci - fied One; cru - ci - fied One.

Lead, Kindly Light.

JOHN H. NEWMAN.

JOHN B. DYKES.

1. Lead, kind-ly Light, a-mid th'en-circling gloom, Lead thou me on! The night is
 2. I was not ev-er thus, nor pray'd that thou Shouldst lead me on; I loved to
 3. So long thy pow'r has blest me, sure it still Will lead me on O'er moor and

dark, and I am far from home; Lead thou me on! Keep thou my feet; I
 choose and see my path; but now Lead thou me on. I loved the gar - ish
 fen, o'er crag and torrent, till The night is gone, And with the morn those
 do not ask to see The dis-tant scene; one step e - nough for me.
 day, and, spite of fears Pride ruled my will, re-mem-ber not past years!
 an - gel fa - ces smile Which I have loved long since and lost a - while!

Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me.

EDWARD HOPPER.

J. E. GOULD.

FINE.

1. Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot mo, O - ver life's tem-pest-uous sea!
 2. As a moth - er stills her child, Thou canst hush the o - cean wild;
 3. When at last I reach the shore, And the fear - ful break-ers roar

D. C.—Chart and com - pass come from Thee: Je - sus, Sav - ior pi - lot me!
 D. C.—Won-drous Sov - reign of the sea, Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me!
 D. C.—May I hear Thee say to me: "Fear not, I will pi - lot Thee!"

D. C.

Un-known waves lo - fore me roll, Hid - ing rock and treach'rous shoal:
 Boist'rous waves o - bey Thy will, When Thou sayst to them: "Be still!"
 'Twixt me and the peace-ful rest, Then, while lean - ing on Thy breast,

My Faith Looks Up to Thee.

RAY PALMER.

LOWELL MASON.

1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry, Sav - ior divine; Now hear me
 2. May Thy rich graco impart Strength to my fainting heart, My zeal inspire; As Thou hast
 3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs around me spread, Be Thou my Guide; Bid darkness

while I pray, Take all my guilt a - way, O let me from this day Be wholy Thine!
 died for me; O may my love to Theo Pure, warm, and changeless be, A living fire!
 turn to day, Wipe sorrow's tears away, Nor let me ev - er stray From Thee aside.

Come Thou Fount.

ROBERT ROBINSON.

FINE. JOHN WYETH.

1. {Come, Thou fount of ev'ry blessing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;
 Stream of mer-ey, never ceasing, Call for songs of loudest praiso. Teach me some me-
 D. C.—Praise the mount; I'm fixed upon it; Mount of Thy redeeming love.
 2. {Here I'll raise my Eb - en-ez - er; Hith-er by Thy help I'm come;
 And I hope, by Thy good pleasure, Safely to ar-rive at home. Jesus sought me
 D. C.—He, to res - cue me from danger, In-terposed His precious blood.

D. C.

3 O, to grace how great a debtor
 Daily I'm constrained to be!
 Let Thy goodness, like a fetter,
 Bind my wandering heart to Thee: .
 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it;
 Prone to leave the God of love;
 Here's my heart, oh, take and seal it;
 Seal it for Thy courts above.

lodiou sonnet, Sung by flaming tongues above;
 when a stranger, Wand'ring from the fold of God;

All Hail the Power.

175

Rev. E. PERRONET.

OLIVER HOLDEN.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je-sus' name! Let an-gels pros-trate fall;
 2. Ye chos-en seed of Israel's race, Ye ran-somed from the fall,
 3. Let ev'-ry kin-dred, ev'-ry tribe, On this ter-res-trial ball,
 4. O that with yon-der sa-cred throng We at His feet may fall;

Bring forth the roy-al di-a-dem, And crown Him Lord of all;
 Hail Him who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all;
 To Him all maj-es-ty ascribe, And crown Him Lord of all;
 We'll join the ev-er-last-ing song And crown Him Lord of all;

Bring forth the roy-al di-a-dem, And crown Him Lord of all.
 Hail Him who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all.
 To Him all maj-es-ty ascribe, And crown Him Lord of all.
 We'll join the ev-er-last-ing song, And crown Him Lord of all.

The Solid Rock.

EDWARD MOTE.

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.

1. My hope is built on noth-ing less Than Je-sus' blood and righteousness; I dare not
 2. When darkness seems to veil His face I rest on His unchanging grace; In ev'-ry
 3. His oath, His cov-e-nant, and blood, Sup-port me in the whelming flood; When all a-

CHORUS.

trust the sweetest frame, But whol-ly lean on Je-sus' name.
 high and storm-y gale, My an-chor holds with-in the veil. On Christ, the Sol-id
 round my soul gives way, He then is all my hope and stay.

Rock, I stand; All oth-er ground is sink-ing sand, All oth-er ground is sinking sand.

C. M. ROBINSON.

P. P. BILBORN.

1. We are bound for Ca-naan land, Teut-ing by the way;
2. Ma-ny tri- als we have seen Thus far on our way;
3. When the dark Red sea of doubt, Bil-low'd in our way;
4. Can we safe- ly trust a guide Who knows not the way;
5. Just be-fore us Jor-dan rolls, Right a-cross the way;

Who shall lead us
He hath led us
Then He part-ed
God hath traveled
We can safe-ly

CHORUS.

on the road? Choose your king to-day.
safe- ly thro', Shall He lead to-day?
ev-ry wave— So He will to-day.
ev-ry foot, Shall He lead to-day?
trust the Lord, He shall lead to-day.

Dare to stand like Josh-u-a,

Dare to say the word; As for me and for my house, We will serve the Lord.

Dare to Be a Daniel.

P. P. B.

P. P. BLISS

1. Stand-ing by a pur-pose true, Heed-ing God's com-mand, Hon-or them, the
2. Ma-ny might-y men are lost, Dar-ing not to stand, Who for God had
3. Ma-ny gi-ants great and tall, Stalk-ing thro' the land, Head-long to the
4. Hold the gos-pel ban-ner high! On to vic-t'ry grand! Sa-tan and his

CHORUS.

faith-ful few, All hail to Dan-i-el's band!
been a host By join-ing Dan-i-el's band.
earth would fall, If met by Dan-i-el's band.
hosts de-fy, And shout for Dan-i-el's band.

Dare to be a Dan-i-el

Dare to stand a lone! Dare to have a pur-pose firm! Dare to make it known!

Copyright,
1898, by P. P. Bilborn.

Copyright, 1902, by The John Church Co.

Used by per-

Blessed Assurance.

177

F. J. CROSBY.

Mrs. Jos. F. KNAPP.

1. Bless-ed as-sur-ance, Je-sus is mine! Oh, what a fore-taste of glo-ry di - vine!
2. Per-fect sub-mission, perfect de-light, Vis-ions of rapture now burst on my sight,
3. Per-fect sub-mission, all is at rest, I in my Sav-ior am hap-py and blest,

Used by per. of Mrs. Joseph F. Knapp.

Heir of sal - va - tion, purchase of God, Born of His Spir-it, washed in His blood.
An - gels de-scend-ing, bring from a - bove Ech - oes of mer-cy, whis-pers of love.
Watching and wait-ing, look-ing a - bove, Filled with His goodness, lost in His love.

CHORUS.

This is my sto - ry, this is my song, Prais-ing my Sav-ior all the day long;

This is my sto - ry, this is my song, Praising my Sav-ior all the day long.

Where He Leads Me.

E. W. BLANDLY.

Arr.

1. I can hear my Sav-ior call-ing, I can hear my Sav-ior call-ing,
2. I'll go with Him thro' the gar-den, I'll go with Him thro' the gar-den,
3. I'll go with Him thro' the judg-ment, I'll go with Him thro' the judgment,
4. He will give me grace and glo-ry. He will give me grace and glo-ry,

CHO-Where He leads me I will fol-low, Where He leads me I will fol-low,

ad lib.

D. C.

I can hear my Sav-ior call-ing, "Take thy cross and fol-low, fol - low me."
I'll go with Him thro' the gar-den, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
I'll go with Him thro' the judgment, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
He will give me grace and glo-ry, And go with me, with me all the way.

Where He leads me I will fol-low, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

ADA BLENKORN.

Arr. by P. P. B.

1. When from the fold of Christ, my Sav - ior, I went a - stray,
 2. Then I be-sought the might - y Shep-herd My soul to save;
 3. Light dawn'd up - on my dark - en'd spir - it, Bright grew the way;
 4. Love filled my soul to o - ver - flow-ing, Ra - diant, di - vine,
 5. Now on the shin - ing way He leads me, Sing - ing I go;
 6. Close - ly my Sav - ior walks be - side me, In con - verse sweet,

FINE

And o'er my weak, de-spair-ing spir - it Sa - tan held boundless sway,
 Gen - tly He drew me to His bo - som, Free - ly my sins for - gave.
 When, in my hap - py heart, for - ev - er Darkness was turn'd to day.
 E'er since by faith in Christ my Sav - ior I knew that He was mine.
 Where E-den's fair - est flow'rs are bloom-ing, And liv-ing wa - ters flow.
 Till in the glo - ry of His pres-en-ce Him face to face I meet.

D.S.-Praise be un - to His name for - ev - er, I'm His and He is mine.

CHORUS.

D. S.

Glo - ry, glo - ry be to Je - sus, For His love di - vine;

When Jesus Found Me.

STEPHEN C. FOSTER.

1. I was wea - ry, lost and stray - ing When Je - sus sought me;
 2. I was bruised and faint with weak-ness When Je - sus sought me;
 3. I'm no long - er lost and bleat - ing Since Je - sus found me;
 4. Sin - ner are you wea - ry, wan - d'ring? Je - sus now seeks you;

FINE

With the wand'ring sheep was stray - ing When the Shep-herd dear found me.
 Sin - ful, wretched, vile and help - less When the Shep-herd dear found me.
 Safe - ly shel-tered in His keep - ing Since the Shep-herd dear found me.
 Hear the Shep-herd voice is plead - ing, Je - sus now is call - ing you.

D.S.—In His lov - ing arms He brought me Gen - tly to the Shepherd's fold.

CHORUS.

D. S.

He sought and found me Hun - gry, faint and cold;

Copyright, 1886, by P. P. Bilhorn.

Copyright, 1907, by P. P. Bilhorn.

1. {Gone from my heart the world with all its charms,
Down at the cross my heart is bend-ing low;
Once I was far a-way down deep in sin,
Once was a-fraid to meet an an-gry God,
Once I was bound, but now I am set free;
Once I was dead, but now in Christ I live,

Now thro' the blood I'm
Once was a slave to
Once I was blind, but

saved from sin's a-larms;
pas-sions fierce with-in,
now the light I see;

The pre-cious blood of Je-sus cleans-es
But now I'm cleans'd from ev'-ry stain thro'
And tell the world a-round the peace that

D. S.—purchased my sal-va-tion on Mount

FINE. CHORUS.

white as snow. I love Him, I love Him Be-cause He first loved me, And
Je-sus' blood.
Je-sus gives.

Cal-va-ry.

D. S.

Glory to His Name.

J. H. STOCKTON.

E. A. HOFFMAN.

1. Down at the cross where my Sav-ior died, Down where for cleans-ing from
2. I am so won-drous-ly saved from sin! Je-sus so sweet-ly a-
3. O pre-cious fount-ain that saves from sin, I am so glad I have
4. Come to this fount-ain, so rich and sweet: Cast thy poor soul at the

sin I cried; There to my heart was the blood ap-plied; Glo-ry to His
bides with-in; There at the cross where He took me in; Glo-ry to His
en-tered in; There Je-sus saves me and keeps me clean; Glo-ry to His
Sav-ior's feet; Plunge in to-day, and be made com-plete; Glo-ry to His

D. S.—There to my heart was the blood ap-plied Glo-ry to His

FINE. CHORUS.

D. S.

name! Glo-ry to His name! Glo-ry to His name!

CHARLES WESLEY.

REFUGE.

JOS. P. HOLBROOK.

1. Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly,
 2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none, Hangs my help - less soul on Thee;
 3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want; More than all in Thee I find;
 4. Plenteous grace with Thee is found—Grace to cov - er all my sin;

While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high;
 Leave, oh, leave me not a - lone, Still sup - port and com-fort me;
 Raise the fall - en, cheer the faint, Heal the sick, and lead the blind;
 Let the heal - ing streams a - bound; Makeme, keep me, pure with-in,

Hide me, oh, my Sav - ior hide, Till the storm of life is past;
 All my trust on Thee is stayed, All my help from Thee I bring;
 Just and ho - ly is Thy name, I am all un - right-eous-ness;
 Thou of life the Fountain art, Free - ly let me take of Thee;

Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, Oh, re - ceive my soul at last.
 Cov - er my de - fence-less head With the shad - ow of Thy wing.
 Vile and full of sin I am, Thou art full of truth and grace.
 Spring Thou up with - in my heart, Rise to all e - ter - ni - ty.

Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

CHARLES WESLEY.

SIMEON B. MARSH.

FINE

1. { Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly,
 1. { While the near-er wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high;
 D. C.—Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, Oh, re - ceive my soul at last.

D. C.

Hide me, oh, my Sav - ior hide, Till the storm of life is past;

Take the Name of Jesus With You. 181

Mrs. LYDIA BAXTER.

W. H. DOANE.

1. Take the name of Je-sus with you, Child of sor-row and of woe—
2. Take the name of Je-sus ev-er, As a shield from ev'-ry snare;
3. Oh! the precious name of Je-sus, How it thrills our souls with joy;
4. At the name of Je-sus bow-ing, Fall-ing pros-trate at His feet,

It will joy and com-fort give you, Take it then wher-e'er you go.
If temp-ta-tions round you gath-er, Breathe that ho-ly name in prayer.
When His lov-ing arms re-ceive us, And His songs our tongues em-ploy.
King of kings in heav'n we'll crown Him, When our jour-ney is com-plete.

REFRAIN.

Pre-cious name, O how sweet! Hope of earth and joy of heav'n;
Precious name! O how sweet!

Pre-cious name, O how sweet! Hope of earth and joy of heav'n.
Precious name, how sweet!

Nothing But the Blood.

R. L.

R. LOWRY.

1. {What can wash a-way my sin? Noth-ing but the blood of Je-sus;
1. {What can make me whole a-gain, Noth-ing but the blood of Je-sus.
2. {For my par-don, this I see—Noth-ing but the blood of Je-sus;
2. {For my cleans-ing, this my plea—Noth-ing but the blood of Je-sus.

CHORUS.

{Oh, pre-cious is the flow That makes me white as snow;
{No oth-er Fount I know, Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

3 Nothing can for sin atone,
Nothing but the blood of Jesus;
Naught of good that I have done,
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

4 This is all my hope and peace—
Nothing but the blood of Jesus;
This is all my righteousness—
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

P. P. B.

P. P. BILHORN.

1. (Glo - ry to Je - sus who died on the tree, Paid the great price that my
 Now I can sing hal - le - lu - jah to God, Glo - ry! He
 2. Once in my heart there was sin and de-spair, Now the dear Sav - ior Him-
 And from His pres-ence comes peace to my soul, Glo - ry! He
 3. Come then, ye wea - ry, who long to be free, Come to the Sav - ior, He
 Then with the ran-som'd this song you can sing, Glo - ry! He

CHORUS.

soul might be free; saves, He saves.
 self dwell-eth there, saves, He saves. Glo - ry! He saves, glo - ry! He saves,
 wait - eth for thee, saves, He saves.

Saves a poor sin - ner like me; Saves a poor sin-ner like me, like me.
 Saves a poor sin - ner like me; Saves a poor sin-ner like me, like me.

What a Friend We Have in Jesus.

JOSEPH SCRIVEN.

C. C. CONVERSE.

1. What a Friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear;
 2. Have we tri - als and temp-ta - tions, Is there trou - ble an - y-where?
 3. Are we weak and heav - y - la - den, Cum-bered with a load of care?

FINE

What a priv - i - lege to car - ry Ev - 'ry-thing to God in pray'r!
 We should nev - er be dis-cour - aged,—Take it to the Lord in pray'r.
 Pre-cious Sav - ior, still our ref - uge,—Take it to the Lord in pray'r.

D. S.—All be-cause we do not car - ry Ev - 'ry-thing to God in pray'r!
 D. S.—Je - sus knows our ev - 'ry weak-ness,—Take it to the Lord in pray'r.
 D. S.—In His arms He'll take and shield thee,—Thou wilt find a sol - ace there.

D. S.

O what peace we oft - en for - feit, O what need-less pain we bear -
 Can we find a Friend so faith - ful, Who will all our sor-rows share?
 Do thy friends de-spise, for-sake thee? Take it to the Lord in pray'r;

Words and Music Copyright, 1907, by P. P. Bilhorn.

Joy to the World.

183

I. WATTS.

Arr. from GEO. F. HANDEL.

1. Joy to the world, the Lord is come! Let earth re - ceive her King, Let
 2. Joy to the world, the Sav - ior reigns! Let men their songs em - ploy, While
 3. He rules the world with truth and grace, And makes the na - tions prove The

ev - 'ry heart pre - pare Him room, And heav'n and nature sing, And
 fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains Re - peat the sound-ing joy, Re -
 glo - ries of His right-eous-ness, And won-ders of His love, And

And heav'n, and heav'n and na-ture

heav'n and na-ture sing, And heav'n, and heav'n and na - ture sing.
 peat the sounding joy, Re - peat, re - peat the sound-ing joy!
 won-ders of His love, And wonders, and won - ders of His love.

sing, And heav'n and na - ture sing.

When My Savior I Shall See.

P. P. B.

P. P. BILHORN.

1. When my Sav - ior I shall see, In His glo-rious like-ness be, Clad in
 2. When I'm whol - ly freed from sin, Spotless, clean and pure with-in, Meet to
 3. When my feet shall press the shore, Trod by an - gel's feet be-fore, Near to
 4. Oh, till then be this my care, More His im - age blest to bear; More to

robes by love sup-plied, Then shall I be sat-is-fied. stand by Je - sus' side, Then shall I be sat-is-fied. Sat - is-fied with love di-vine,
 living streams that glide, Then shall I be sat-is-fied. con - quer self and pride, Then shall I be sat-is-fied.

CHORUS.

Satisfied, since Christ is mine, Ev'ry need in Him supplied, Then shall I be sat - is - fied.

He Took Them All Away.

P. P. B.

P. P. BILHORN.

1. I had so many sins and He took them all away,
3. My heart is full of joy and He gave it all to me,
4. My heart sings hal-le-lu-jah and He gave the song to me,

Copyright, 1896, by P. P. Bilhorn.

He took them all a-way, He took them all a-way, And now He sets me free.
He gave it all to me, He gave it all to me, And now He sets me free.
He gave the song to me, He gave the song to me, And now He sets me free.

CHORUS.

D. S.

All the way to Cal-va-ry He went for me, He went for me, He went for me.

Old Time Power.

O Lord, send the pow'r just now, O Lord, send the pow'r just now; And baptize ev'-ry one!

Old Time Religion.

Arr.

Cho:- 'Tis the old time re-lig-ion, 'Tis the old time re-lig-ion, 'Tis the old time re-

1. It was good for our mothers, It was good for our mothers, It was good for our
2. Makes me love ev'-ry-bod-y, Makes me love ev'-ry-bod-y, Makes me love ev'-ry-
3. It has sav-ed our fathers, It has sav-ed our fathers, It has sav-ed our

lig-ion, It's good e-nough for me.
mothers, It's good e-nough for me.
bod-y, It's good e-nough for me.
fathers, It's good e-nough for me.

4. It was good for the Prophet Daniel,
It's good enough for me.
5. It was good for the Hebrew children,
It's good enough for me.
6. It was tried in the fiery furnace,
It's good enough for me.
7. It was good for Paul and Silas,
It's good enough for me.
8. It will do when I am dying,
It's good enough for me.

Wonderful Words of Life.

185

P. P. B.

P. P. BLISS.

1. {Sing them o - ver a - gain to me, Won-der-ful words of
Let me more of their beau - ty see, Won-der-ful words of
2. {Christ, the bless-ed One, gives to all Won-der-ful words of
3. {Sin - ner, list to the lov - ing call, Won-der-ful words of
3. {Sweet - ly ech - o the gos - pel call, Won-der-ful words of
3. {Of - fer par-don and peace to all, Won-der-ful words of

Life; Life.
Life; Life.
Life; Life.
Life; Life.

Words of life and beau - ty, Teach me faith and du - ty; Beau-ti - ful words,
All so free - ly giv - en, Woo - ing us to heav - en. Beau-ti - ful words,
Je - sus, on - ly Sav - ior, Sanc - ti - fy for - ev - er. Beau-ti - ful words,

won - der - ful words, Won-der - ful words of Life; Life.

Sweet Hour of Prayer!

W. W. WALFORD.

W. B. BRADBURY.

1. Sweet hour of pray'r! sweet hour of pray'r! That calls me from a world of care,
2. Sweet hour of pray'r! sweet hour of pray'r! Thy wings shall my pe - ti - tion bear,
3. Sweet hour of pray'r! sweet hour of pray'r! May I thy con - so - la - tion share;

FINE.

And bids me at my Father's throne, Make all my wants and wish-es known;
To Him whose truth and faith - ful-ness En-gage the wait-ing souls to bless;
Till from Mount Pis - gah's loft - y height, I view my home and take my flight;

D.S.—And oft es-ca-ped the tempt'er's snare, By thy re-turn, sweet hour of pray'r.
D.S.—I'll cast on Him my ev - 'ry care, And wait for thee, sweet hour of pray'r.
D.S.—And shout, while pass - ing thro' the air, Fare-well, fare-well, sweet hour of pray'r.

D. S.

In sea - sons of dis-tress and grief My soul has oft - en found re - lief,
And since He bids me seek His face, Be-lieve His word and trust His grace,
This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise To seize the ev - er-last - ing prize;

H. R. P.

H. R. PALMER.

1. Yield not to temp-ta-tion, For yield-ing is sin; Each vic-t'ry will help you
 2. Shun o-vil com-pa-nions, Bad language dis-dain; God's name hold in rev'rence.
 3. To him that o'er-com-eth, God giv-eth a crown; Thro' faith we will con-quer.

Some oth-er to win. Fight man-ful-ly on-ward, Dark pas-sions sub-due;
 Nor take it in vain; Be tho't-ful and ear-nest, Kind-hearted and true;
 Tho' oft-en cast down; He who is our Sav-i-or, Our strength will re-new;

CHORUS.

Look ev-er to Je-sus, He'll car-ry you through. Ask the Sav-i-or to help you,
 Comfort, strengthen, and keep you; He is will-ing to aid you, He will carry you through.

My Country, 'Tis of Thee.

S. F. SMITH.

HENRY CAREY.

1. My country, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib-er-ty, Of thee I sing! Land where my
 2. My na-tive coun-try, thee, Land of the no-b-le, free, Thy name I love; I love thy
 3. Let music swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees Sweet freedom's song, Let mortal
 4. Our Father's God, to Thee, Au-thor of lib-er-ty, To Thee we sing; Long may our
 fa-thers died, Land of the pilgrim's pride, From ev'-ry mountain side Let freedom ring!
 rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills, My heart with rapture thrills Like that above,
 tongues awake, Let all that breathe partake, Let rocks their silence break, The sound prolong!
 land be bright With freedom's holy light; Pro-tek-t us by Thy might, Great God, our King!

Even Me.

187

Mrs. ELIZ. CODNER.

W.M. B. BRADBURY.

1. {Lord, I hear of show'rs of bless - ing Thou art scat-t'ring full and free
Show'rs the thirst-y land re - fresh-ing; Let some droppings fall on me.
2. {Pass me not, O gra - cious Fa - ther, Sin - ful tho' my heart may be;
Thou might'st leave me, but the rath - er Let Thy mer - cy fall on me.
3. {Pass me not, O ten - der Sav - ior! Let me love and cling to Thee:
I am long-ing for Thy fa - vor; Whilst Thou'r calling, oh, call me.

E - ven me, E - ven me, Let Thy bless - ing fall on me.

Revive Us Again.

W.M. P. MACKAY.

J. J. HUSBAND.

1. We praise Thee, O God! for the Son of Thy love, For Jesus who died, and is now gone above.

CHORUS.
Hal - le - lu-jah! Thine the glo - ry, Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men, Re-vive us a - gain.

2 All glory and praise to the Lamb that was slain,
Who has borne all our sins, and has cleans'd ev'ry stain.
3 All glory and praise to the God of all grace,
Who has bought us, and sought us, and guided our ways.
4 Revive us again; fill each heart with Thy love;
May each soul be rekindled with fire from above.

O, Happy Day.

P. DODDRIDGE.

E. F. RIMBAULT.

1. {O hap - py day, that fixed my choice On thee, my Sav - ior and my God! } Hap-py
Well may this glowing heart re-joice, And tell its rapt-ures all abroad.

FINE. D.S.
day, happy day, When Jesus wash'd my sins a-way! { He taught me how to watch and pray, }
{ And live re-joic-ing ev - 'ry day. }

2 O happy bond, that seals my vows
To Him who merits all my love!
Let cheerful anthems fill His house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.
3 'Tis done: the great transaction's done!
I am my Lord's and He is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

God Be With You!

J. E. RANKIN.

W. G. TOMER.

1. God be with you till we meet a-gain, By His counsels guide, up-hold you,
 2. God be with you till we meet a-gain, 'Neath His wings pro-tec-t'ing hide you,
 3. God be with you till we meet a-gain, Keep love's ban-ner float-ing o'er you;

With His sheep se - cure - ly fold you; God be with you till we meet a-gain!
 Dai - ly man - na still pro-vide you; God be with you till we meet a-gain!
 Smite death's threat'ning wave beforo you; God be with you till we meet a-gain!

CHORUS.

Till we meet, . . . till we meet, Till we meet at Je-sus' feet;
 Till we meet, till we meet a-gain, till we meet;

Till we meet, . . . till we meet, God be with you till we meet a - gain!
 Till we meet, till we meet a-gain,

By J. E. Rankin, owner of copyright.

Blest Be the Tie That Binds.

JOHN FAWCETT.

H. G. NAGELI.

1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris-tian love;
 2. Be - fore our Fa - ther's throne Wo pour our ar - dent pray'r;
 3. We share our mu - tual woes, Our mu - tual bur - dens bear,
 4. When we a - sun - der part, It gives us in - ward pain;

The fel - low - ship of kin - dred minds Is like to that a - bove.
 Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one, Our com - forts and our cares.
 And oft - en for each oth - er flows The sym - pa - thiz - ing tear.
 But we shall still be joined in heart, And hope to meet a - gain,

Hallelujah! What a Savior!

189

P. P. B.

P. P. BLISS.

1. "Man of Sor - rows," what a name For the Son of God who came
 2. Bear - ing shame and scoff-ing rude, In my place condemned He stood,
 3. Guilt - y, vile and help-less we; Spot - less Lamb of God was He;
 4. Lift - ed up was He to die, "It is fin-ished," was His cry,
 5. When He comes, our glo-rious King, All His ran-somed home to bring,

Ru - ined sin - ners to re - claim! Hal - le - lu - jah! what a Sav - ior!
 Sealed my par - don with His blood; Hal - le - lu - jah! what a Sav - ior!
 "Full a - tone-ment!" can it be? Hal - le - lu - jah! what a Sav - ior!
 Now in heav'n ex - alt - ed high, Hal - le - lu - jah! what a Sav - ior!
 Then a - new this song we'll sing, Hal - le - lu - jah! what a Sav - ior!

Holy Ghost, With Light Divine.

ANDREW REED.

L. M. GOTTSCHALK.

1. Ho - ly Ghost, with light di - vine, Shine up - on this heart of mine;
 2. Ho - ly Ghost, with pow'r di - vine, Cleanse this guilt - y heart of mine;
 3. Ho - ly Spir - it, all di - vine, Dwell with - in this heart of mine;

Chase the shades of night a - way, Turn my dark - ness in - to day.
 Long hath sin, with-out con - trol, Held do - min - ion o'er my soul.
 Cast down ev - 'ry i - dol throne, Reign su-preme—and reign a - lone.

Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide.

FINE. M. M. WELLS.

1. { Ho - ly Spir-it, faith-ful Guide, Ev - er near the Christian's side, } Weary souls for
 Gen - tly lead us by the hand, Pil - grims in a des - er - land, } D.C.—Whisp'ring softly, "wand'rer, come, Fol - low me, I'll guide thee home!"

D. C. 2 Ever present, truest Friend,
 Ever near, Thine aid to lend,
 Leave us not to doubt and fear,
 Groping on in darkness drear.
 When the storms are raging sore,
 Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er,
 Whisper softly, "wanderer, come,
 Follow me, I'll guide thee home."

e'er rejoice, While they hear that sweetest voice.

Gloria Patri.

CHARLES MEINKE.

Glo - ry be to the Fa-ther, and to the Son, and to the Ho - ly Ghost; As it
was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. A-men, A-men.

Doxology.

THOS. KEN.

Old Hundred. L. M.

LEWIS BOURGEOIS.

Praise God, from whom all bless - ings flew; Praise Him, all crea-tures here be - low;
Praise Him a - bove, ye heav'n-ly host; Praise Fa-ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost.

Praise God From Whom.

Duane St. L. M. D.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow; Praise Him, all creatures here below, Praise Him above, ye heav'nly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Praise God, from whom all blessings flow, Praise Him, all creatures here below;

FINE D. S.

Grace at Meals.

Blessing Invoked. L. M.

Be present at our table, Lord,
Be here and everywhere adored.
These mercies bless, and grant that we
May feast in Paradise with thee.

Thanks Returned. L. M.

We thank thee, Lord, for this our food.
For life and health and mercy good;
Let manna to our sculs be given,
The bread of life sent down from heaven.

Hymns of His Grace.

A las and did my Savior bleed	3	H allelujah, I am saved	147
All Hail the Power	175	Hallelujah, 'tis done	173
Almost	67	Hallelujah! what a Savior	189
Almost persuaded	159	Harvest fields are waiting	102
Always carry sunshine	12	Hear him calling	90
Amazing grace	3	Hear the call for reapers	58
Am I a soldier of the cross	149	He is caring for me	19
Ambassadors for the King	84	He leadeth me	33
A message of love	24	He saves me	86
Angels, sing on	147	He shall appear to your joy	45
Arouse! Ye Christian soldiers	126	He took them all away	184
B attle Hymn of the Republic	39	His will for me	14
Beulah land	171	Holy Ghost with light divine	189
Bid Him come in	54	Holy Is the Lord	4
Blessed assurance	177	Holy Spirit, faithful guide	189
Blessed Holy Spirit	117	How can I but love Him	142
Blessed Jesus, keep me white	43	How firm a foundation	37
Blest be the tie that binds	188		
Bringing in the sheaves	168	I am not ashamed	108
But as many as received Him	30	I am on the right side	153
C alling, O hear Him	152	I am praying for you	158
Cast all your care upon Him	141	If He should come tonight	136
Christ is the sunny side	8	I gave my life for thee	169
Christ is the captain	46	I hear the Savior say	166
Clean over	28	I hear thy welcome voice	166
Come and walk with Jesus	34	I know He is mine	140
Come, great deliverer, come	105	I know I am saved by His grace	65
Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly dove	3	I know whom I have believed	56
Come thou fount	174	I'll go where you want me to go	145
Come to Jesus	158	I'll live for Him	145
Come unto Me	143	I love Him	179
Could I tell it	10	I love to tell the story	142
Counted in	98	I need Thee every hour	168
D are to be a Daniel	176	In the fighting line	101
Dare to stand like Joshua	176	In the time of trouble	62
Do not pass me by	140	Into the morning	29
Doxology	190	I surrender all	172
Draw me nearer	27	It was best to be so	48
Drifting away from God	154	It is well with my soul	81
E ven me	187	I've found the more excellent way	80
Every day and hour	91	I want everybody to know	149
Every good and perfect gift	134	I will meet you	144
F all in line	50	I will sing the wondrous story	32
Fill me now	87		
For if it were burning	73	J esus is calling	127
Forth to the fight	135	Jesus, lover of my soul	180
Fullness of power	115	Jesus paid it all	166
G arden of God	72	Jesus saves	167
Get right with God	21	Jesus saves me	83
Gloria Patri	190	Jesus, Savior, pilot me	174
Glory be to Jesus	178	Jesus, Thou my only refuge	71
Glory for you and me	128	Joy to the world	183
Glory to His name	179	Just as I am	162
Glory to Jesus	35		
Glory to Jesus He saves	182	L ead, kindly light	173
God be with you	188	Lead me gently home, Father	95
God calling yet	107	Let Jesus come into your heart	148
God's best	116	Let your light ever shine	36
God's love so full and free	121	Let the lower lights be burning	157
Grace at meals	190	Life in the loom	22
Grace without measure	70	Lift your light a little higher	110
Great is my need	63	Living in Canaan land	28
Guide me there	113	Living where the healing waters flow	18
		Lord, I'm coming home	167
		Lord, I yield to Thee	160
		Lord save me	155
		Lost	144
		Love that redeems	109
		Lovingly, tenderly	11

M arching	131	T	Take Jesus wherever you go	112
Marvelously wonderful	166	Take my life and let it be	165	
More about Jesus	165	Take the name of Jesus with you	181	
More love to Thee, O Christ	169	Tell Him you are coming home	120	
My anchor holds	26	Tell thy life story to Jesus	20	
My country, 'tis of thee	186	The best friend is Jesus	61	
My faith looks up to Thee	171	The branch of healing	152	
My gracious Redeemer	119	The chief among ten thousand	79	
My Jesus, I love Thee	153	The fight is on	132	
My password thro' heaven's gate	103	The Great Physician	161	
My Savior thinks of me	42	The hero of the cross	125	
My soul sings hallelujah	137	The home I have up yonder	85	
Multitudes are turning	60	The inner circle	123	
N earer draw me	156	The Lamb of God	77	
Nearer, my God, to Thee	171	The Lord is my Shepherd	96	
Near the cross	160	The Lord needs you	7	
No night there	41	The Man of Galilee	148	
Nothing but the blood of Jesus	181	The Savior is my all in all	172	
Not tonight	150	The Solid Rock	175	
O happy day	187	The Spirit is pleading	139	
Old time power	181	The true and the tried	130	
Old time religion	181	There is a fountain	161	
Only a ray of sunshine fair	89	There is always time for prayer	13	
Only a sinner	9	There'll be joy by and by	16	
Only trust Him	163	There shall be showers of blessing	6	
Onward, Christian soldiers	47	Though your sins be as scarlet	49	
O tell me more of Christ	38	Throw out the life line	111	
O what a Savior is Jesus to me	99	Thy law is my meditation	93	
P ass me not	159	Fis the old time religion	184	
Praise God from whom	190	Today if ye will hear His voice	122	
Prodigal come today	23	To the harvest fields	74	
R efuge	189	V ictory	66	
Rescue the perishing	162	Victory through the blood	68	
Revive us again	187	W alking with Jesus	15	
Room in heaven for me	154	We are ambassadors for the King	84	
S aved by His grace	151	We are soldiers of the King	97	
Savior like a Shepherd lead us	157	We bid you farewell	141	
Seeking for me	150	We're marching to Zion	51	
Shall I be saved tonight	146	What a friend we have in Jesus	182	
Shall we gather at the river	164	What a wonderful change	104	
Shepherd of Israel	55	What can wash away my sin	181	
Showers of sunshine and rain	118	What will ye bind	138	
Since Jesus is living in me	25	What will your harvest be	151	
Sing unto the Lord a new song	92	What wilt Thou have me to do	129	
So changed	57	When Jesus found me	178	
Softly and tenderly	114	When I remember Calvary	31	
Soldiers in the army	124	When my Savior I shall see	183	
Sometimes	76	When the power fell on me	52	
Stand up for Jesus	133	When the roll is called up yonder	94	
Steadily onward	17	When you have found the Savior	69	
Step in anywhere	153	Where He leads me	177	
Stepping in the light	53	Where will you spend eternity	146	
Sunlight	155	While Jesus whispers	163	
Sunshine for me	88	Whiter than snow	170	
Sweet by and by	78	Who will be the next	82	
Sweet hour of prayer	185	Why do you wait	161	
Sweet peace, the gift of God's love	5	Why not now	139	
		Why not receive him	143	
		Will there be any stars	40	
		Wonderful calling	100	
		Wonderful story	44	
		Wonderful words of life	185	
		Work for the night is coming	170	
		Y ield not to temptation	186	
		You can always depend on his love	64	

TOPICAL INDEX

ABIDING 71, 95, 173.	GUIDANCE And SHEPHERD 33, 34, 35, 55, 71, 95, 113, 150, 152, 154, 173.	PRAISE 4, 32, 61, 134, 147, 172, 174, 175, 184, 185, 187, 189.
ACCEPTING 155, 162, 167.	HARVEST And R EAPERS 7, 47, 58, 74, 102, 151, 154.	PRAYER 13, 105, 113, 158, 185.
ASSURANCE 26, 37, 56, 64, 65, 98, 103, 140, 166, 173, 175, 177.	HEAVEN 41, 72, 78, 85, 106, 144, 151, 164, 171.	PSALMS 55, 92, 93, 96.
BLOOD 49, 68, 77, 181.	HOLY SPIRIT 3, 52, 117, 139, 189.	REPENTANCE 21, 22, 23, 60, 120, 160, 167, 172.
CHILDREN 8, 12, 53, 88, 89, 186.	INVITATION 23, 30, 54, 60, 67, 82, 90, 107, 114, 122, 127, 139, 140, 143, 146, 148, 158, 159, 161, 162, 163, 166.	REDEMPTION 29, 65, 77, 109.
CHOIR CHORUSES 7, 36, 44, 46, 50, 62, 66, 68, 71, 72, 74, 97, 98, 101, 102, 104, 110, 116, 128, 131, 132, 136.	JOY 8, 16, 183.	REVIVAL 6, 20, 111, 118, 132, 133, 184, 187.
CLOSING Or FAREWELL 73, 188, 189.	LIGHT 36, 53, 110, 157.	SALVATION 31, 80, 83, 86, 161, 168, 167, 169, 181, 184.
CONFESSiON See Testimony. 20, 176.	LOVE 11, 24, 64, 109, 121, 169.	SERVICE & WORK 7, 45, 69, 84, 97, 100, 111, 129, 145, 162, 170.
CONSECRATION 14, 21, 27, 34, 87, 123, 141, 145, 156, 160, 165, 172, 177.	MEN'S MEETINGS 50, 110, 111, 120, 135, 149, 157, 176.	SOLOS 5, 14, 16, 22, 26, 29, 31, 41, 42, 57, 60, 80, 83, 84, 85, 100, 104, 108, 110, 112, 116, 120, 122, 136, 144, 145.
DUETS	MARCHING 17, 46, 47, 50, 51, 97, 101, 125, 126, 130, 131, 135.	SUNSHINE 8, 12, 88, 89, 118, 155.
DELIVERANCE 28, 29, 31, 57, 62, 65, 80, 83, 104.	MISCELLANEOUS 5, 6, 9, 18, 22, 25, 28, 38, 44, 79, 84, 99, 103, 106, 110, 119, 155, 165, 172, 178, 182.	TESTIMONY 10, 36, 44, 57, 104, 108, 112, 133, 142, 143, 149, 157, 176, 182, 184, 187.
ETERNITY 144, 146, 150, 154.	PATRIOTISM 39, 186.	TRUSTING 19, 33, 42, 62-81, 163, 168, 174.
FELLOWSHIP 15, 112, 123, 164, 181.	PEACE 5, 16, 76, 81.	VICTORY Or WARFARE 29, 66, 125, 132, 137.
GENERAL 8, 10, 22, 32, 34, 35, 48, 65, 65, 68, 71, 80, 81, 82, 83, 115, 147, 153, 167, 176, 178,	POWER 30, 52, 60, 115, 175.	WORSHIP Or DEVOTION 4, 69, 91, 105, 156, 160, 165, 169, 174, 180, 181, 187.

